

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

THE FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY AT LAWRENCE. DESTRUCTION OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS BY FALLING AND BY FIRE.

The Inquest, Incidents, &c.

THE news of this most astounding catastrophe has caused a thrill of horror through the whole length and breadth of the country, and a cry of bitter and indignant execration has gone up from millions of people against those men, whoever they are, who have so wantonly and recklessly sacrificed hundreds of valuable lives that the rich might grow richer. Day after day goes by, but the gloom is not lifted from the hearts of the thousands in and about Lawrence. There are mourners for the dead, mourners for the maimed and mangled living, and wretched agonized mourners for the still missing but immolated victims lying crushed or charred by fire under the ruins. The gloom is perfectly overwhelming, and only those who have been in a desolated city can realize the utter misery of the scene.

The utmost sympathy is manifested in every quarter for the sufferers. Letters of condolence pour in, and generously liberal subscriptions for the relief of the survivors and the families of the dead are received daily. We have little doubt that these subscriptions from various sources will make an aggregate of a hundred thousand dollars. All the noblest virtues of our human nature have been developed in this time of terrible suffering and desolation; the sick have been tended and cared for with a tenderness and gentleness altogether unprecedented; the dead have been reverently searched for, and the last duties paid with solemn and sincere sorrow, while the living and bereaved mourners have been provided for, and have received all the consolation that warm and active sympathy can impart. Of course, among these many mourners there are sorrows that no sympathy can alleviate, but nothing has been left undone to feed the hungry and bring solace to those so suddenly bereaved.

So great and overwhelming is this calamity deemed by all that the Mayor of Lawrence, in obedience to the sentiment of the public, issued the following proclamation:

In view of the great calamity which has fallen upon our city like a thunder-bolt from a cloudless sky, crushing it with a weight of misery which no earthly power can raise, shrouding it in a cloud of anguish which no human hand can dispel, binding it in chains of woe which despair cannot break, I recommend and beseech that on Tuesday next all the residents of Lawrence abstain from their avocations and labors; that they set apart that day as one of prayer; that they then meet in their respective places of worship to join in those religious ceremonies which the occasion demands, and there publicly ask of God that He would temper our affliction with mercy; that He would restore to health and strength those now languishing in pain and suffering; that He would provide with a father's care for the orphan and widow; that He would comfort and support those bereft of husbands and wives, parents and children; that He would so order this signal destruction of life and property as that good may come out of our great evil, and that our experience may teach wisdom throughout the land.

(Signed.)
D. SAUNDERS, Jr., Mayor

We need hardly say that this solemn invitation was responded

to by all denominations of Christians, or that Tuesday, the 17th, was a day of serious and prayerful observance in the afflicted city of Lawrence.

The exertions are unrelaxing to clear the ruins, in order to reach the many bodies which it is believed are yet buried beneath the debris. Every day some bodies are exhumed, many of them so frightfully disfigured as to be altogether beyond the possibility of recognition, while in not a few cases heaps of charred bones are dug

up by the spades of the operators. Familiarity with the scene by no means decreases its horrors. Up to this date the casualty stands thus:

Dead.....	99
Wounded.....	308
Missing.....	107
Total.....	514

This account, frightful as it is, is supposed not to be at all exaggerated.

The Coroner's Inquest is still in session, and will probably last some days longer. The testimony so far is very contradictory, so much so that at present it is hard to tell on which side the weight of testimony inclines to. It is impossible, in our limited space, to give the whole of the testimony. We shall, however, pursue it, and give a synopsis of the testimony of each important witness.

On Saturday, January 14th, the inquest was resumed, and Mr. Charles S. Storow was sworn. He was the agent of the Essex Company who sold the land and water power to Mr. Putnam, as agent for John A. Lowell. He believed the mill to be thoroughly well built, and never heard any remark as to its being unsafe. Every anxiety was expressed by the contracting parties to have a staunch building, and judging from the characters of the men who built it he believed that it was staunch. He heard once, five years ago, that the chimney had awayed a little from the end of the building, and caused a crack; but that chimney and the adjoining wall, with the crack in it, are standing whole to-day, towering unhurt over the rest of the ruins.

John Tattison was next sworn, and his testimony was mainly to the fact that the foundation could not have sunk, as the gearing was in no way disarranged, and that the floor above him gave way between the pillars and looms and all crashed through.

Samuel W. Jackson sworn—I was overseer of the third story and half the fourth story; at the time of the accident I was in the third story; I was near the west row of columns, and eighty or ninety feet from the south end; I was between the west columns and the west wall, near the columns; I was looking northward, at work on a frame; I heard a crash and turned; I saw the two further rows of spinning frames disappear through the floor; there were twelve in a row across the south end, and twelve in the next room; next the wall was an alley way of ten feet, then frames of eighteen feet, then another alley, then eighteen feet of frame more, making a total of over fifty feet from the south end wall which had gone down; the wall at that instant seemed sound; the ceiling over the frames did not seem to be falling at that instant; I sprang away; simultaneously the floor under me went down, and the ceiling overhead crashed down and covered me in; the interval of time between the fall of the two rows of frames and the rest coming down was slight; it was perceptible, however, a few seconds; the frames would weigh, I think, a ton and a half each; there were eighty-four on the whole floor, with ten mules weighing two or three tons each; as I lay down where I fell, the ceiling over me was within an inch or two; I had no difficulty in crawling forward a third of the length of the mill north, till I came to a place where I got out; the gearing, so far as I know, was in perfect order up to that time; if the wall had settled an inch the gearing would have been obstructed, and perhaps strained.

Thomas S. Winn, sworn—I was overseer of the carding department of the Pemberton Mills; the first I noticed was the settling of the floor, and heard a general crash; I was facing towards the westerly walls; the settling was behind



FALLING OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.—THREE YOUNG GIRLS RESCUED FROM THE WASH-ROOM ON THE FIFTH STORY BY PLACING LADDERS UPON A FALLEN ROOF.

me; I noticed no disarrangement of the machinery at the time of the settling; I don't think I stepped a step; in a moment all was dark; the walls were standing at that time; I did not see the walls fall at all; something from above struck me on the shoulder and knocked me down. I had been moving four fly-buses that day from the east side of the mill, toward the west; they were ranged from seventy to a hundred feet from the southerly end of the wall; they were moved a little to the south, and were placed on less floor space; we were not moving them at the time of the accident; I should think the machines weighed eighty-five hundred pounds a-piece; the machines were moved by lifting them upon their shoes by means of bars and a tackle; they were not moved by attaching the tackle to the pillars.

(Continued on page 138.)

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
THE NEW SCOTTISH DRAMA EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON AS JEANIE DEANS.
MISS LAURA KEENE AS EFFIE DEANS.
Dress Circle seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance.
Doors open at half-past six; to commence at half-past seven o'clock.
Performance over at ten o'clock.
Admission..... Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

WINTER GARDEN.—
OCTOGEON EVERY NIGHT.
Great Novelties in preparation.
Dress Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance. Doors open at half-past six. Admission, Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM—GRAND DRAMATIC REPERTORY.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1860.

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks.....	\$ 1
One do.....	1 year.....	\$ 3
Two do.....	1 year.....	\$ 5
Or one Copy.....	2 years.....	\$ 9
Three Copies.....	1 year.....	\$ 6
Five do.....	1 year.....	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

OFFICE, 13 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

To Newsdealers!

OWING to the extraordinary demand for our paper last week, we found it impossible, notwithstanding our great resources, to supply the orders as quickly as required. Only a few weeks since we doubled our facilities for producing our paper, and are now printing *two copies for every one* we printed two months ago.

But the demand is still so constantly increasing, that to meet it we have this week completed arrangements to still further increase our facilities, so that we hope from this date to be able to fulfil every order promptly and to the satisfaction of all.

It is, however, a source of pride and gratification to us to find that the public prefer to wait for our issue, rather than purchase unreliable papers—our imitators, at a great distance behind.

We shall Remove

our whole establishment on the first day of February next, to the magnificent

NEW FIVE-STORY MARBLE BUILDING,

just erected in Park Place, opposite the Hall of Records, from whence we shall issue all Frank Leslie's popular widely circulated publications. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*—*Frank Leslie's Zeitung*—*Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion*—*Frank Leslie's Pictorial* and *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*.

Our Paper—Its Past and Its Present.

WHEN we started our Illustrated Paper we determined to succeed. We heeded not the croakers, those birds of ill omen who delight in prophecies of failure, for we knew that the American people everywhere sympathize with pluck, and that enterprise and unconquerable energy would be appreciated by the most energetic and enterprising people in the world. The beginning was hard, but we were not discouraged; the greater the difficulties the more determined our struggles to overcome them; the stronger the opposition of time and circumstances, the more vigorous our efforts to make them succumb to our purpose and our will.

We always had the public with us, and that encouragement lifted us above the ever recurring public log hills which assailed us, and landed us at last safe and prospering, a recognized institution—an organ whose influence extends all over the country, and reaches every part of the world where the English or German language is spoken.

We can fearlessly point to the eight completed volumes of our Illustrated Newspaper as proof of our energy and enterprise. They form a record of passing events superior to any history that will ever be written, for not only are facts written down, but they are rendered doubly impressive by means of vivid and accurate illustrations. Every event of the day—our great clipper ships and steamships, public enterprises, buildings, remarkable scenery of our own and other lands, superb and life like portraits of all the eminent men of our time—in short, all that is worth chronicling will be found in the pages of our paper.

Our paper is the oldest, though, in spirit of enterprise, the youngest Illustrated Paper in the country.

It is the only one that is on a paying footing.

It has a larger circulation than all its weak imitators put together.

For the future of our paper, we can assure the tens of thousands of our readers that we shall use still greater efforts to retain their support and increase the scope of its usefulness. We have now all the best artists and engravers engaged on it, who work for it exclusively, and as a further proof of what we mean to do, we announce that we have made an engagement with

MR. SAMUEL WALLIN,

the finest portrait draughtsman upon wood in America, at a larger salary than has ever been paid to an artist in this country. From this date he will draw for our paper exclusively.

He has maintained his position as the first portrait draughtsman in America, for the past ten years, during which period he has drawn over three thousand portraits. All the finest portraits in the past numbers of our paper, such as Sickles, Seward and others, and all the best portraits in *Harper's Weekly*, were from Wallin's pencil, his reputation as the only man who can draw an accurate portrait insuring him the monopoly of that class of work. He will now draw exclusively for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

This is one of the many brilliant engagements contemplated by us for the future of our paper—engagements which will keep us, as heretofore, far beyond the reach of all competition.

Railroad Slaughterers.

CRIME has always an excuse, and wealthy culprits always escape punishment. Repeated massacres upon our railroads and steamboats are settled for at so much per victim, but justice takes no cognizance of the head villains whose incompetency or cupidity is the underlying cause of all. If public security is only to be insured by a larger expenditure and lessened dividend, it will never be willingly accorded by those who manage these concerns for the benefit of private corporations—seeking the largest possible good for the smallest circle of individuals—themselves.

On Wednesday morning, the 18th, the engines of two way trains broke down, one on the Harlem and the other on the Hudson River Railroad. Both trains were run into by fast trains coming immediately behind, and due at the city depot within a minute or two of each other! On the Harlem one or two passengers were slightly bruised, owing to the braking up of the following train; but on the Hudson River one young girl, married that morning, was killed, and several others severely wounded.

How did these collisions occur? By the idiotic arrangement of the Superintendents, who placed two fast trains immediately behind two slow ones, with the difference of time of five minutes on the Hudson and two minutes on the Harlem. In ordinary business transactions men making such manifest blunders would be called asses, but in these instances the mistake assumes a graver character, and the makers must be characterized as reckless, inhuman, incompetent men, unfit to hold positions which place in their hands the custody of millions of lives. Their arrangements evidence a want of the most ordinary foresight; indeed were we to judge them by their works, we would not entrust them even with the office of brakeman upon their Juggernaut cars.

The Superintendents in the cases we have just mentioned are clearly responsible for whatever occurred. The conductor alone should not be suspended—suspension would be a happy remedy for the cure of many of our railroad officials—the Superintendent should be made to answer for his principal share in a catastrophe which cut off one young life, full of hope and promise, without a moment's warning, and maimed others perhaps for life.

If the Directors of the Harlem and Hudson River Railroads do not take some immediate action in the matter, they will be held as sanctioning these massacres which make our railroads the terror of travellers, and the exception, in utter recklessness, among all railroads in the world.

Fasts and Pharisees.

WHEN the people of Great Britain were in momentary dread of a visit from that terrible scourge the cholera, some of those men whom Burns calls the "uncle righteous" sent a petition to the Queen begging her to appoint a Fast to propitiate offended Heaven. That jaunty Irishman, Lord Palmerston, being at the time Home Secretary in reply said, that instead of advising the Queen to appoint a Fast, he took the liberty of advising the people of Glasgow to establish a Board of Health, to clean their streets, to improve the habitations of the poor generally, and use every sanitary means within their power. These, quoth the old statesman, will do more to keep the cholera off than all the Fasts that ever were held. Great was the howling of the Pharisees on receiving this reply, and Dr. Candlish preached a sermon in which he delighted the pious Saverys by drawing a highly colored and warm picture of the minister's future state.

When we read the other day that the Mayor of Lawrence had appointed a Fast to celebrate the cruel murder and maiming of five hundred and fourteen human beings, we instinctively exclaimed, "Why have we not a Palmerston among us to rebuke such transparent humbug or hypocrisy?" We are as sensible as any man can be of our dependence upon Divine Providence, but we well know that such a miserable fatalism as that implied by Fasts would land us in the realm of Turkey, and not in a Christian land.

Besides, this Fast has a false issue joined with it—it has a tendency to throw the onus of the late calamity upon the Great Being who has given us intellect for the special purpose of avoiding such terrible disasters.

We can tell the authorities of Lawrence that there will be enough fasting, weeping and humiliation in that city, without any special edict; and that, instead of a Fast, there ought to be a complete investigation of every building in the locality; a committee appointed to prosecute the builders and proprietors of the mills, and a tax laid upon the city to support the families of those who have lost their lives in this wicked affair, and for the benefit of the maimed sufferers.

If these things are done we shall believe in the common sense and sincerity of the authorities of Lawrence, and will gladly hold a Thanksgiving Feast, that justice to the poor against the rich has for once prevailed. Until this is done Fasts are but hypocrisy, which may throw dust in the eyes of mankind, but cannot deceive the presence of our Great Father, who rebukes mouth praise and asks for deeds.

The Foreign News.

THE news from Europe, which is five days later than our London letter, chiefly confirms some of our correspondent's conclusions. The most significant fact is the resignation of Count Walewski, a Minister whose proclivities lately had inclined to the liberal side of the Italian question. Thouvenel, his successor, is a man of moderate abilities, great application to business and of more liberal views than his predecessor. He is also very much esteemed by his imperial lord and master. The Congress has been postponed for a few days in consequence of the change in Foreign Ministers, and the London *Times* hints that it will not take place. A Paris paper says, on the contrary, the first meeting will be held on the 12th February. The Pope, it is said, has been quieted by Walewski's assurance that the pamphlet of the "Pope and Congress" did not express the feeling of the French Government. The resignation of

that Minister throws a considerable doubt on the value of such an assurance. The Papal Nuncio had made a very laconic address to the Emperor, who had made in reply a very pacific but brief rejoinder. The war between Spain and Morocco still continues—hard fighting in which the Spaniards reap barren laurels.

Garibaldi has received an enthusiastic ovation in Milan. It is rumored that he will be made Commander-in-Chief of the Central Italian army. A very unfriendly feeling had sprung up against the French, in Vienna, in consequence of the Guernonière's brochure. There had been more storms on the English coasts.

A Clerical Apologist for Murder.

IT is a painful reflection for a Christian to make, that the clergy, although instituted for the consolation and protection of the poor, have been for many years the willing slaves of the money power. Alien to the spirit of their Divine founder, they are now chiefly employed in preaching submission to capital. We find this fatal treachery to their true vocation governing their actions all over the world. It is the same in Italy, Austria, England, Spain—in a word, wherever there is a wealthy or Established Church there will be found the apologist of temporal and spiritual despotism. We had a very convincing proof of this in our Revolutionary War, when the clergy proved the bitterest enemies of freedom. It is perhaps only human for them to prefer the comfortable parlors of the rich to the squalid habitations of the poor, and we can forgive their omitting the unpleasant and toilsome duties of visiting the wretched and the fatherless, although we may regret their inability to follow the example of the Being they affect to imitate and worship; but when they become the apologists and panders of millionaire murderers; when they blasphemously charge upon the Deity the result of man's wicked neglect; when, instigated either by the Father of Evil, or a despicable desire to screen the wealthy criminals from public scorn or punishment, these hired apologists for Mammon endeavor to turn aside the righteous lightnings of human justice from the head of these Molochs, who grind the blood and bones of men, women and children to swell their wealth—we confess to an indignation which makes us lament our inability to strike these men dumb in the pulpits they debase by such appalling slanders upon the Giver of all Good. On Sunday last a clergyman named Remington preached in New York a sermon upon the recent wholesale slaughter at Lawrence, in which he directly charged upon Divine Providence the death of those recently murdered by the cupidity and carelessness of a few wealthy men. We give one of the many passages in this atrocious discourse:

Does this mill fall in Lawrence with a fearful crash because there was a flaw in the architecture, or some defect in the foundation, or because there was too much machinery in it, or anything of that kind? I tell you nay. Though I do not mean to exculpate the architect or those engaged in the erection of that mill, I must call upon you to abstain from attributing the disaster to secondary causes like these, for we must remember that God has power to build up and to pull down—to raise and to destroy. God is the Being whose hand is in every trial—in every affliction. He it is that controls all calamities. All these are designed to teach us we are in His hands, and that He can crush us in a moment. He who holdeth the waters of the mighty deep in the hollow of His hands—who creates worlds—with whom the very hairs of our head are numbered—He it is who controls every disaster, every occurrence. These occasional calamities are but specimens, forerunners, of the pains in store for those who refuse to believe the faith of Jesus Christ that He alone is their Saviour and Mediator. In one moment God showed those who were laughing, talking, or perhaps blaspheming, while working at their spinning jennies, or speaking a word of Christianity, perhaps, in His name, amidst the clatter of the looms, the sound of the hammer—in a moment, and as quick as a shock, the whole city was roused to a sense of their dependence—to a mass of rubbish, burying beneath it hundreds of souls, as Pompeii was buried beneath the power of the volcano, are they brought into desolation. It is night. Desolation reigned everywhere in a moment. Groans from dying mothers, fathers and children burst instantly upon the astonished ear. Two astonished sisters, among the rest, discovered that they had to die, and—&c., &c.

We read that after this sermon a collection was made for the benefit of the sufferers. To be consistent, Mr. Remington ought to hand over the proceeds to the owners of the mills, who have been such severe sufferers by the sins of the five hundred work people. "who were either laughing, talking or blaspheming," and upon whom the Deity has thus showed his displeasure. It is such wretched fanatics as this Remington who bring the pulpit into obloquy and contempt, for we venture to add that none of those "who were laughing, talking or perhaps blaspheming" at the moment when the curse of Mammon overtook them, could have uttered anything so atrocious as the sentiments of the sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Remington, of Christopher street, New York.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

THE Ignorance our friend Greeley shows of a republican form of Government is quite wonderful. A few days since he actually blamed Mr. Buchanan for not buying up half a dozen Members of Congress to settle the difficulty one way or the other. Which is the worst, a planter buying half a dozen niggers, or our President buying half a dozen white members?

THE *Daily News* has a queer contributor. Like a boy with a new pair of boots, he is always putting his foot into it—that is, into one of them. In its issue of Tuesday, in an article on Lord Macaulay, misled by the name of Cornhill, he fancied it a bill, and says he met Lord Macaulay walking up the steps. Now Cornhill is as level from beginning to end as Broadway; and as for Macaulay making it a practice to dine at the London Tavern every day, we will venture to say he never dined two consecutive days there in his life. He has also made another mistake; the Rev. Henry Christmas was not intimate with Macaulay. Christmas was Librarian of St. John College, London Wall, and was a very queer librarian too, but he had no acquaintance with the eminent historian.

THE *New York Daily Times* has a very severe attack upon the medical almanacs, and pitches into Gumbo's Grandulated Gammon with all the energy of a rival. The most amusing part of this affected horror lies in the fact that the whole editorial is a puff of the famous Doctors, Root, Cherry and Brandreth! We must, however, in justice to the *Times*, quote the following which is the most useful sentence ever published in the *Times*:

"Chore.—For this distressing disease the Renovator is sovereign. First, give strong emetics till the patient is tranquil; then administer the Renovator till a cure is effected."

"Naturally enough, the foolish parents, unconscious that the remedy lay in the emetic, which was quite sufficient of itself, indite what is called a testimonial, extolling the virtues of the Renovator as an infant purgative. Now Renovator is called for, and, sure enough, by the end of the year, the sales have been extended by 5,000 bottles."

As the crop is very prevalent just now, and as emetics are not always handy, it may be useful to know that a few passages from the *Times* will answer.

THE *New York Herald* is a most extraordinary paper. Like a cat, it always comes on its legs, simply because it has legs all round it, as a porcupine has quills. There is not a day that it has not contradictory editorials, so all always to come out right, while it prophesies all round the compass. It is, therefore, with great pleasure and surprise that we find in it the following excellent advice to the Lawrence jury:

"Maintain, we will cite a precedent for the Lawrence jury: In the city of Belfast, in Ireland, a large manufacturing town, a similar catastrophe occurred some time ago, though happily with a less fatal result in point of numbers."

LITERATURE.

We have received from JOHN WILLY, 66 Walker street, an exceedingly valuable and concise work, entitled, *New and Complete Clock and Watchmaker's Manual* compiled from the French by Mary L. Booth. The comprehensive usefulness of the work will be understood by a glance at its contents, which comprise descriptions of the various gears, escapements and compensations now in use in French, Swiss and English clocks and watches, patents, tools, &c., with directions for cleaning and repairing. The diagrams illustrative of the subject number nearly one hundred and fifty, and are carefully and accurately executed. The preface of the compiler is very suggestive, pointing out plainly how very backward we have hitherto been in this important branch of a great manufacture. The cause of this backwardness is mainly to be attributed to the scarcity of works upon the subject within the rich of operatives, most of the foreign works being altogether too expensive for general circulation.

It is to remedy this long existing want that this very able book has been published, and we cannot doubt that it will achieve a very important end, as, by its cheapness, it brings within the limits of one treatise the most important points to be found in the great works of the best and most experienced writers upon the subject. In short, the ultimate results of the practical experience of the most celebrated European authorities will be found in this volume published by Wiley.

Miss Booth has accomplished the task of translating and compiling with singular ability and with rare judgment, and has given to the world a work of general and genuine usefulness—a work worth a hundred filthy French mairdin novels, which it seems the fashion now-a-days to foist upon the reading public of America. We are pleased to make known the publication of *The New and Complete Clock and Watchmaker's Manual*, and to commend it to the notice of every one interested in the subject.

We have received from T. NIXON & SONS, Paternoster Row, London, Edinburgh and 113 Nassau street, New York, *The English Boy in Japan; or, The Perils and Adventures of Mark Raper among Princes, Priests and People of that singular Empire*, by William Dalton. Out of the known and surmised social and political habits and laws of this strange people, the author has constructed a romantic narrative of a very amusing and exciting character. The possible and probable are largely drawn upon, but so much curious information respecting the peculiarities of the Japanese is woven with the wondrous adventures of the hero and his exiled but returned Japanese friend, that we bear with the fiction for the sake of the new knowledge so pleasantly conveyed. This is a new region of romance for the boys, and one possessed of peculiar fascination. The work is charmingly written, and we can cordially recommend it to our young readers.

From the same publishers we have received a very charming and instructive book, entitled, *Earth, Sea and Sky; or, the Hand of God in the Works of Nature*, by the Rev. John M. Wilson. This book contains a vast amount of varied and admirable knowledge relating to the subjects indicated in the title page. The reverend author justly observes that "the time appears to have utterly passed away in which the devout believer could see, in the investigation of the laws of Nature, any ground for the apprehension that the basis of faith in the economy of Providence might thereby be weakened. Natural philosophy, geology, chemistry, astronomy and all the varied subdivisions of science are found the ready handmaids of the great Book of Revelation, from whence we learn the purposes of God to man." It is in this spirit of reconciling the revelations of science with the wisdom and mercy of the everliving Supreme Being that this work was written. So numerous are the subjects of interest discussed in *Earth, Sea and Sky*, that we cannot afford the space to give even a synopsis of them. We can merely state that they comprise popular views of many of the most interesting phases of Nature; the phenomena of the seasons, the laws and properties of light, heat, electricity and other constant sources of change, and the economy of life in plants and animals.

The work is written in a grave, calm and yet popular and fascinating style, and is illustrated with some exquisite colored lithographs. It is a book worthy of a place in every library.

T. Nelson & Sons have also sent us another rare book for the amusement and instruction of youth, called, *The World of Ice; or, Adventures in the Polar Regions*, by R. M. Ballantyne. The youth who encounters the wonderful adventures recounted in the *World of Ice*, is like Telemachus of old, in search of his father, and is, also, fortunately accompanied by a Nestor, in the shape of a knowing old sea-dog, who has cruised all over the world, and is full of wisdom and rare devices. All the wonderful phenomena of the dreary ice region are made to act prominent parts in this interesting story, and the young may become familiar with some of Nature's most wonderful works through the medium of a fiction pleasantly told, and full of fascination for youth. *The World of Ice*, as we have said, is a rare book for young people, and we can recommend it to them strongly.

The three works above noticed are brought out in the best style of English workmanship—fine large type and splendid paper, spirited and finely drawn illustrations, and rich and elegant binding. They reflect credit upon the house of T. Nelson & Sons.

DRAMA.

We have experienced a sensation—we write the word advisedly and with a full knowledge of its immense importance—and in order that there may be no mistake, we repeat the assertion—we have experienced a sensation. Whether it is to be classed as a dramatic sensation we leave our readers to judge. On Monday last, in common with two or three thousand of our fellow-citizens, we bent our steps in the direction of Niblo's Theatre—we beg pardon, Garden. To reach the vestibule thereof was a work of no great difficulty, if we except wading through a sea of mud; but to obtain a ticket and then effect an entrance to the inner court of the temple was no easy matter. Goodness, what a rushing and crushing there was; the many qualities that have secured for Hecanar, for Sayers, for Morrissey, and other companions of their noble art, a worldwide and ennobled reputation, were most in demand, and—e blush to record it—not being endowed with such inestimable blessings, we were obliged to wait calmly until after the house was well packed, and then accommodate ourselves with a standee. And what was the attraction that drew together the dense crowd that thronged the building from floor to ceiling? Was it the first night of some favorite singer, some great actor, or a new and original play by Dion Boucicault? Neither one nor the other, but the "Horses" fresh from Astley's, being their first appearance on the American stage. And here let us say that this is apparently the best conducted circus company we have ever seen. We say apparently, for the crowd was so great that we could only catch a glimpse of the performance at intervals. What we did witness, however, was decidedly good. In the first place the ring, covered as it is with clean matting and hand some carpet, is a great improvement on the "sawdust" of old times, and the trappings of the horses and costumes of the riders are all new and brilliant. Among the artists—I suppose they lay claim to that name—Miss Zeyara and Mr. Robinson deserve favorable mention; both are daring and graceful riders. But the sensation to which we alluded at the commencement of this article was caused by the performance of Mr. Thomas Hanlon, a g. man of extraordinary ability. Some five or six feet below the ceiling of the proscenium is suspended a light frame work, of iron we presume, and after climbing to the dizzy and perilous height by means of a single rope, Mr. Hanlon proceeds to execute a series of feats, each one of which you expect will be at the cost of his life. From the opposite end of the proscenium hangs a second rope, probably some twenty feet distant from the first, and Mr. Hanlon concludes his thrilling performance by deliberately leaping from his perch, seizing this rope, and descending by it to the stage. We never remember seeing a performance—not being present at any of Blondin's experiments over Niagara—in which life seemed to be more deliberately trifled with; it is quite possible that Mr. Hanlon may, like Sam Patch, take one leap too many. After this display the remainder of the entertainment was necessarily tame, even the enterprising individual who hung himself by the neck, and swung gracefully to and fro, failing to arouse the spectators to the pitch of agony from which they had been previously relieved. It is reported that Mr. Cooke, during his season, intends to produce some of the great equestrian dramas which gained such celebrity for Astley's.

At the other theatres there has been no novelty up to the hour of our going to press, but probably by the time this reaches the eyes of our reader, "Leslie's" will have been played at the Winter Garden, and "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," at Wallack's. If so we shall give them due attention in our next issue. It is scarcely necessary to add that Miss Keene's Theatre is nightly over-crowded by the many admirers of "Effie and Jeanie Deans."

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE sensation of the week—we have sensations here daily, and it must be a great one indeed that survives for a week—has been that which followed the pistol scene, in which Mr. Haskin was a prominent though involuntary actor on last Thursday. The House has scarcely recovered from its horror and virtuous indignation yet. The Southern portion, that coming under the head of fire-eaters, have been especially shocked to find that a Northern man carried firearms, and pretended to think Mr. Haskin extremely indiscreet; but it was not his fault, only his misfortune, that his pistol fell and disclosed the private determination of its owner to take care of himself. The thing might happen to any of the fire-eaters, and I doubt not, if such occurred, they would justify the carrying of arms in the exigencies to which the House is subject at any moment.

The scene on the occasion was certainly most exciting. Governor McRae was on the floor. He is a genial, pointed, amusing speaker, as well as a most thoroughgoing advocate for the opening of the slave trade, and who, yesterday, in a very spirited discussion with the venerable Representative from the First New York District, Lucius C. Carter, declared that slavery was a heavenly institution. He was alluding to the conference of Democrats, Anti-Lecomptonites and South Americans held on the previous Saturday night. Horace E. Clark—who has cut a most ridiculous figure here for ever since—

do him good—was in that conference, and Haskin interrogated McRae as to his action there. "That is none of my colleague's business," said Clark; but McRae, probably thinking it was, gave way for Haskin to interrogate Clark himself. The former commenced to give the latter a taste of his humor by saying that he had been circus-riding in the House, when Clark, waving his hand to silence Haskin, warned the latter into an effervescent state of indignation. In the effort to make himself heard, the pistol worked itself out of his breast pocket and fell on the floor.

If a dozen pistols had been discharged the effect could not have been greater. Haskin was surrounded by Southern Union men, Southern Disunion men, Southern men of the old Whig and the new Opposition parties; Lecompton and Anti-Lecompton met on a common ground; Sherman men forgot Sherman; Helper men thought the "impending crisis" had actually arrived; all were mixed up together in a noisy crowd. Several honorable gentlemen attempted to speak at once; allusions to double-shot popguns, mountain howitzers, Colt's revolvers, &c., were bandied about in faint efforts at humor by members not in the centre of the row.

The business of the week in the House has been the staving off, by the Administrationists, of a vote on the adoption of the plurality rule. So far they have been successful, and the prospects of an organization is still far distant. The constitutionality of the plurality has given rise to animated discussion. One of the most noticeable efforts on the Republican side was made by Hon. John Hutchins, of Ohio. This is the gentleman's first session and first appearance in it. He is the successor of Joshua R. Giddings. He reviled the idea of introducing a resolution defining who was fit or unfit for the Speakership. Many men in the House were not fit; such, for instance, as those who support the stockjobbing policy of the Administration, but he would not be so unjust or indiscreet as to introduce a resolution to that effect. Touching the plurality rule, he quoted from the Constitution, to wit, that the House shall choose a Speaker and other officers, leaving the manner of choice to the House. Many precedents were quoted in favor of the rule, but it was persistently combated.

Mr. Hutchins, taking for granted that his party were the rulers of the House, said that they had given the Democrats a six weeks' rope, with which the latter had hung themselves in a satisfactory manner. All the Republicans had to do now was to cut down and give the Democrats a decent political burial, as it would not be wholesome to leave so many dead bodies about.

McClernand, of Illinois, signalled himself in a startling invective against Mr. Hickman, into whom he poured as great a broadside as he could muster. It was not, to be sure, of a very powerful character, but it was intended as a scorcher. Pryor also denounced the statements of Hickman. The latter, with consummate art, pretended to think that Pryor meant to drag him into a personal conflict, and made it the occasion of a sententious disavowal of belief in the tribunal to which Southern gentlemen appeal. Pryor disclaimed any intention of making a personal matter with the gentleman, and Hickman retired, much to the chagrin of the galleries and the floor and Mr. McClernand in particular, who expected that he would reply to the tirade of the gentleman from Illinois. In a moment Hickman's point was seen by the house, and has formed the subject of much talk since. He designedly cut McClernand.

In the Senate, Douglas has greatly signalled himself in a debate with Green, of Missouri, Davis, of Mississippi, Clay, of Alabama, and others. It arose out of the attacks to which his policy and himself have been subjected while he was not able to attend the Senate. His removal from the Territorial Committee was ostensibly made because of the doctrines of his Freeport speech in Illinois. He showed that he held, and that the Senate knew he held, such doctrines for eleven years, and, in fact, it was after their enunciation he had been unanimously placed in the chair of that committee. On the 15th, he introduced a most important resolution for the purpose of preventing the recurrence of Harper's Ferry outrages, as well as such infractions of States rights as the border ruffianism of the Missourians regarding the Kansas troubles. His resolution provides that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report a bill for the protection of each State and Territory of the Union against invasion by the authorities or inhabitants of any other State or Territory, and for the suppression and punishment of conspiracies or combinations in any State or Territory, with intent to invade, assault, or molest the Government, inhabitants, property or institutions of any State or Territory of the Union.

A brilliant reception took place at General Cass's mansion on Tuesday evening. All the diplomatic corps, the leading Members of Congress, with a splendid variety of beauty, were present.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Young Man named McLoughlin, an employee to a daguerreotypist, last August married a young lady, but deserted her some months afterwards. He has been brought up before the Court for desertion, and coolly said, "That he would live with her, but he'd punish her; he'd compel her to keep a boarding-house!" A nice young man!

A Young Man named Dewitt was the victim of his own precautions against burglars, last week. Being in the habit of going out courting, he bought a burglar's alarm and fixed it on the door. The very same night his companion, Mr. Reed, the Postmaster of East New York, was awakened by the horrible noise of this alarm going off. Fancying there were robbers, he fired in the direction and hit Dewitt. Most fortunately the shot hit a comparatively harmless spot—it will, however, render sitting a painful operation for some time to come.

A Man in Boston lately put a pair of handcuffs upon the wrists of a friend and left him to get them off as best he might. He went to a police station to have the bracelets removed and was there locked up in a cell, the officer saying that no dodge could be played upon him—that the man, of course, escaped from some criminal institution, and must be detained until called for.

The following is an extract from a private letter received in Boston from Peterboro', New York: "You will be happy to learn that Gerrit Smith has returned home; that his health is fast improving; that, though weak, he is perfectly sane; talks freely on all the great events which have transpired; sleeps well, and has a good appetite; rises and walks every day, but avoids reading and writing, and does not receive company at present, because his strength is not yet great. He is, however, round the village as usual, ministering to the wants of the sick and poor. His temporary alienation of mind his physicians declare to have been caused solely by physical disease, in which acute dyspepsia was most apparent, and his complete restoration to full vigor of mind and body is considered a certainty."

Crinoline and Ammonia.—At a scientific meeting in Edinburgh, a crinoline dress has been exhibited, one-half of which had been immersed in a solution of sulphate of ammonia, in order to test its non-combustibility. On a light having been applied to the crinoline, the part of it which had not been steeped in the solution was at once enveloped in flames, but the only effect which the light had on the other part was to char it. This was considered a satisfactory experiment, and it was stated that as ammonia was only two pence per pound, it was accessible to the humblest class. It was stated that the crinoline used in the royal establishment was steeped in a totally different solution, but that its cost prevented its general use, and that the cheaper solution was equally efficacious.

Five Aldermen, three Councilmen and one School Committee-man, elected to office in Salem, Mass., the other day, have declined to serve, and another election is to be held on Tuesday to fill the vacancies.

A Correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing from Chattanooga, vouches for the authenticity of the letter from Mahalia Doyle to old John Brown. He says the woman is living in great destitution at that place, and that her son, who accompanied her thence from Kansas, is driving a dray for a commission house.

Kaulholtz, who was shot last week in Chicago by his partner, who was jealous of his attentions to his wife, is slowly recovering. He was saved by his dog. It appears that seeing Williams (the partner) attacking his master, the faithful dog rushed at the infuriated man and compelled him to fly, after having only discharged one barrel at Kaulholtz. Williams has been arrested, and expresses the greatest regret that he did not succeed in killing his partner.

An Amusing Case will soon come before the courts of law. It turns upon the legality of a debt contracted for lottery tickets. An old merchant, addicted to speculating in that description of property, had run up a bill for \$8,200 for tickets, and, as they did not turn out very profitable, he refused to pay. The broker has commenced an action against him. The defence is that the claim is illegal!

Family Afflictions.—A few days since the body of a wealthy citizen of Detroit, named Canjan, was found in the river opposite that city. The Auburn Union mentions several afflicting circumstances which followed the first and even in the family. A brother of the deceased lost a child by sudden death soon after the body of Mr. Canjan was found, which completely unsettled his reason, and rendered him a perfect maniac. His wife, who for some time has been partially deaf, has lost entirely all sense of hearing, and both husband and wife were, a few days ago, taken out for treatment, the former to the Lunatic Asylum at Ulster, and the latter to New York city.

The Worcester Spy reports the drowning of a boy ten or eleven years of age, named Lawson, in that city on Tuesday. He slipped through a hole in the ice between two railroad bridges near the Waterford station, on the Providence and Worcester R.R.

leading lawyer, Mr. John Rea, took up the cause of the poor families of the killed and wounded operatives, and laid the case before the Grand Jury. The community laughed at the idea of a lawyer, single-handed, attempting to bring a rich corporation to justice; but he persevered, nevertheless, and the result was that the proprietors of the mill were not only indicted for manslaughter, but were convicted and sentenced to transportation for life. Massachusetts venerates the laws of Great Britain; here is a precedent that the jury and authorities of Lawrence might follow to some good purpose."

Now, as the 514 killed, wounded and missing are all white people, we have not the faintest hope that justice will be done. Had there been a few darkeys among them the case would have been different.

The Enormous Quantity of diurnal literature now published under the name of comic papers is perfectly tragical. The most appalling subjects for facetious poems are chosen. We have just read a comic poem on a man eaten by rats! As we read it, we could not help regretting that the author had not been the subject of his own poem before he wrote it.

Hon. George Briggs, M.C. for New York, has sent us his speech, delivered in the House of Representatives. We give the following magnificent bit of bosh. What can be expected of men who talk so very much like school-boys?

"Sir, if there is one determination stronger than all others with that National party in my State—I here use its own language—it is to preserve one and inseparable the Union of these States. With their permission the graves of Warren, Washington and Marion shall never rest in separate lands; and while Mount Vernon holds its sacred trust, the repose of the great sleeper there shall never be disturbed by the jar of contending States. One Constitution, one Faith, one Destiny, are inscribed on our banners and engraved on our hearts."

The Recent Calamity at Lawrence appears to have put every one on the qui vive as to the security of the buildings they occupy. It is well-known that many houses are registered in the Firemen's Books as "dangerous," which are now the daily workshops of hundreds. We consider it the duty of the department to publish a list of these buildings, that an opportunity may be given to have them tested or else abandoned. It is an undoubted fact that no rent can be claimed by any landlord for an unsafe edifice, self-preservation being the first law of Nature. A great responsibility rests upon those who own such death traps, and who let them remain in this state.

The Carefulness of the age to supply every want has been recently manifested by the institution of a paper for the insane. It is called *News from Home*, and is published by Babb, McGowan & Co., of Philadelphia. We have sent a number, and can cordially recommend it. It is admirably adapted for the unhappy class of persons to whom it is addressed, and is not altogether without value to the sane community, since a glance at the contents makes every man prize the possession of a sound mind.

Personal.

For the information of many who will miss the popular and obliging Mr. McCune from his old position in Genin's, we volunteer the statement that he may be found at Arnoux's establishment, under the St. Nicholas Hotel, he having transferred to that house his interest and connection. Mr. McCune will bring a new feature to Arnoux's in the shape of a boy's clothing department. He will also add other novelties which will attract to his new place all his old friends.

Two HUSBANDMEN JAMES is about abandoning his Venice Consulate, and returning to Richmond, Virginia. He intends devoting the closing scenes of his busy life to writing his autobiography.

MR. JONES, the new Secretary of State for New York, has had a very serious loss. He went to a party at Governor Morgan's last week in a new hat worth five dollars, and returned with an old brown slouchy worth twenty-five cents! The *Rome Sentinel* has an editorial on the depravity of the age!

DR. CAMILL is writing home letters to Dublin. Their truthfulness may be imagined when he says, "Labor is high—laborers and hodmen getting \$2 50 per day!" He also adds that a drunkard is shunned by everybody!

THE DELHI GAZETTE says that "the Bara Rajah is going to turn Christian, and marry the daughter of one of the section writers of the Government Secretariat. The Rajah of Koochoorulla set the example by marrying a young Christian lady, and it seems others are going to follow it." What sort of Christians can these ladies be?

PERHAPS the cold spell which has just passed, the ladies of Cumberland availed themselves of the exciting sport of skating. Numbers of them appeared day after day on the river and canal, "dressed to kill," and "looking their loveliest." The *Telegraph* says that some of them "cut the pigeon wing," "the devil," and "squared the yards" beautifully.

A NEW ORLEANS paper says: "We looked in last evening at the two operas, and found them progressing in a highly satisfactory manner. There were good audiences present at both of these popular resorts. It strikes us that there is a marked difference between the extent of the applause at the two houses. At the new Opera-house it is not as frequent and hearty as at the Orleans Theatre. Whether it is because of the predominance of the French element at the latter place or not, it is impossible for us to say. It is universally conceded, however, that among the American opera-goers the applause is such like what it is among the French; they seem to be more phlegmatic and harder to please, and there is less enthusiasm among them. It may be because of their rather practical natures. So far as we have been able to discern, the audiences of the new opera-house do not seem to go there so much on account of their love of music, as because they regard it as fashionable, and whatever is fashionable has untold charms to the majority of the people in our unfortunate country."

M. DE LEMANDIERE, member of the Legislative body for the Deux-Sevres, has just died suddenly in Paris. He had passed part of the day at his club playing backgammon with Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, and when the hour for dinner arrived he expressed a wish to dine there. Having been informed that the number of places reserved were filled up, he went to a restaurant in the neighborhood, and had just taken his seat when he fell from his chair and expired.

MR. VICKSBURG Whig learns that the Hon. Wm. L. Sharkey is lying dangerously ill with pneumonia, at his residence in Jackson, Mississippi.

EX-GOVERNOR WEBB, of Virginia, has returned to the practice of the law, and will continue the defence of W. S. Land, charged with the murder of Benjamin F. Fannigan, whose trial will take place in February.

MR. THOMAS G. CLEMSON, a son-in-law of the great South Carolina statesman, is to be appointed Agriculturalist of the Patent Office, in place of Mr. Brown, removed.

THERE is a prevalent report that Hon. Charles Cook, of Havana, N. Y., is so ill that his friends entertain little hope of his recovery.

LIST of Americans registered at the Banking Office of Lansing, Baldwin & Co., of the de la Bourbe, Paris, from December 16th to December 29th, 1859: Wm. F. Moore, C. M. Hooker and wife, H. Turner, Patterson, N. Sarony and wife, E. Meyerheim, C. S. Guillemeau, J. D. Davis, Miss L. D. Perkins, Thomas Shoppe, J. Seligman, L. H. Simpson and lady, L. Bonenfant, Richard Douglas and wife, New York; John G. Law, Mass.; P. Penn Gaskell, Penn.; Rev. J. M. Hoppin, Mrs. Hoppin, R. I.; Dr. E. T. Simpson, Ohio; G. B. Hoffman, Maryland.

GENERAL CASS has given to the Board of Education of Detroit a lot of land, worth \$15,000, for a school-house.

RECTOR has that a fair niece of Mayor Wood is to be led to the hymeneal altar by a Cuban millionaire.

CAPTAIN MCCOMB, of the Topographical Engineers, has arrived here, and will in a few days commence preparing his report of the exploration of the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers.

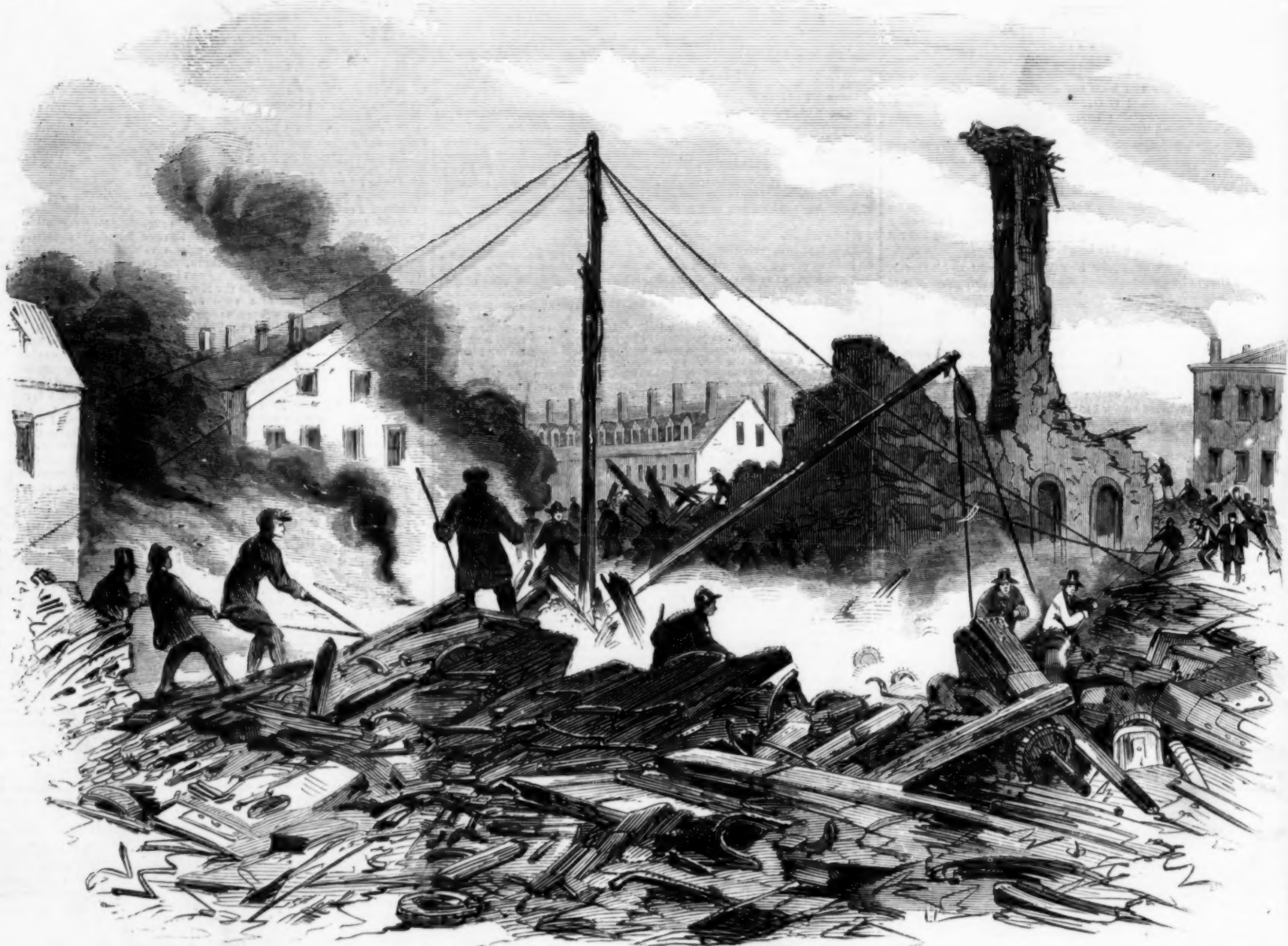
The Secretary of State entertained a large company on Tuesday night, and Madame Anna Bishop also inaugurated Willard's concert-room, at Washington. TWENTY more contractors had an interview with the President on Tuesday, and were handsomely received. Postmaster-General Holt participated. The President and Postmaster-General expressed the greatest sympathy, but could give no comfort except the promise to issue certificates for last quarter's service, which have up to this time been refused.

It is said that the interest of Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, in the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow is the principal obstacle to its purchase by the Rothschilds from the Russian Government. The road cost \$100,000,000, besides the permanent lien which Mr. Winans has on it, and the Government has offered to sell it for \$60,000,000.

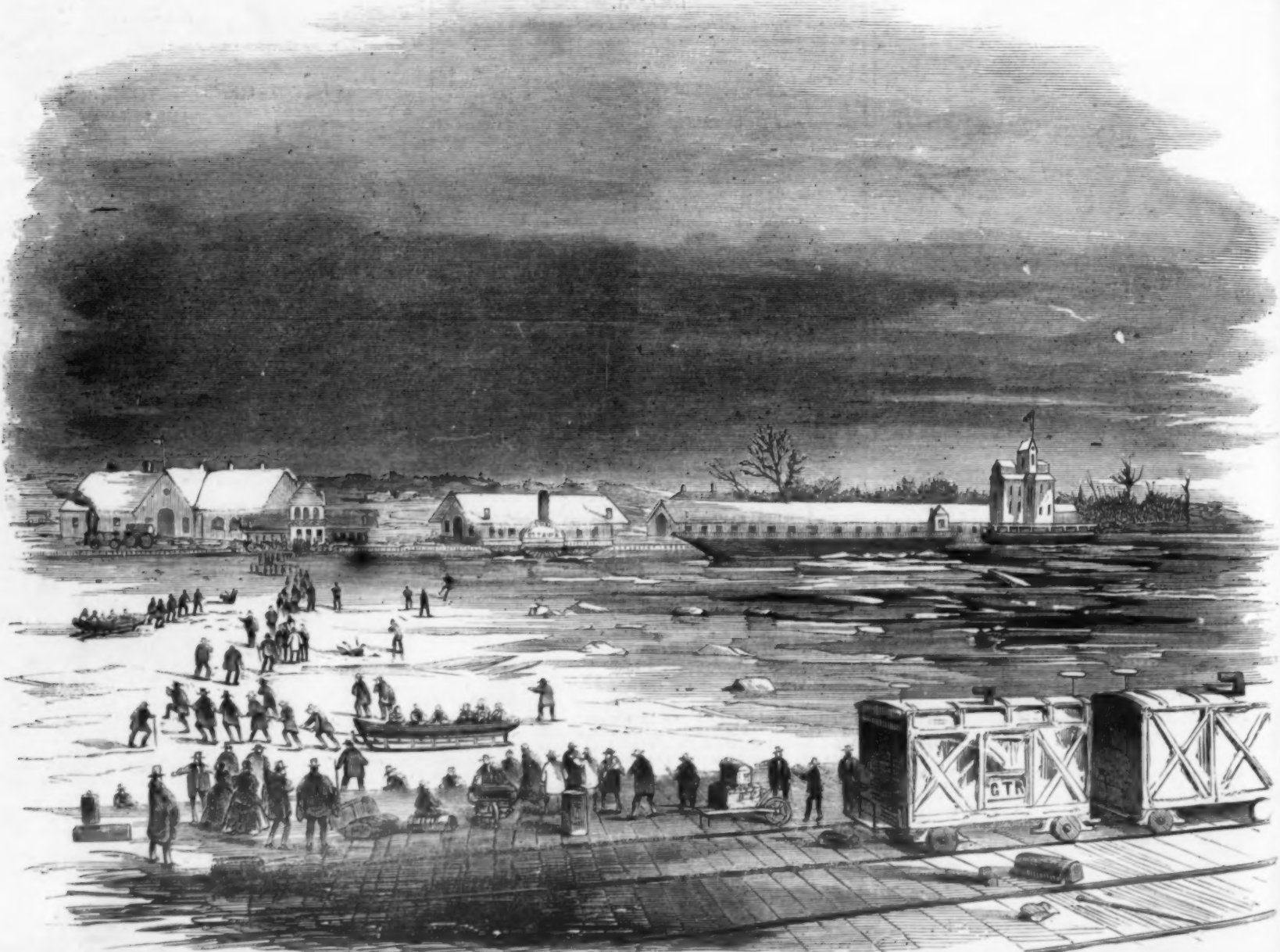
The Secretary of the Interior has applied to the Sac and Fox Indians for a full Indian war-dress, to be presented, through the French Minister, to Louis Napoleon. The tribe has generously responded with a splendid equipment, including knife, tomahawk, peace-pipe, and various other articles of savage warfare. No expense has been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

CHARLES HEIDESIECK, Esq., whose portrait will be found on another page, and who, it seems, is the only descendant of the Heidesieck family, has arrived in New York. His visit is chiefly a pleasure tour, to do some hunting and shooting in our vast preserves, to see how our ladies compare with those of La Belle France, to "do" our natural curiosities, such as Niagara, the Mammoth Cave, &c., and also to visit the agents of his famous "Charles Heidesieck's Champagne Wine." Mr. Heidesieck will meet a cordial and friendly welcome not only where his name is known, but wherever courteous manners and refined gentlemanly bearing are appreciated.

Mrs. Murat, of Florida, the wife of the late Achille Murat, son of Napoleon's Murat, has by a series of misfortunes, it is said, become very much impoverished. Her crosses for two years have almost utterly failed, and she



VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS, AT LAWRENCE, MASS., WITH POWERFUL DERRICKS ERECTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMOVING THE LOOMS AND TIMBER, IN ORDER TO REACH THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS BENEATH THE RUINS.—SEE PAGE 139.



BLOCKING UP OF THE RIVER ST. CLAIR, BY ICE, AT POINT EDWARD, CANADA.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY W. OWEN JONES, ESQ., OF FORT HURON, MICH.—SEE PAGE 134.



JUDGE ROOSEVELT, LATELY APPOINTED UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

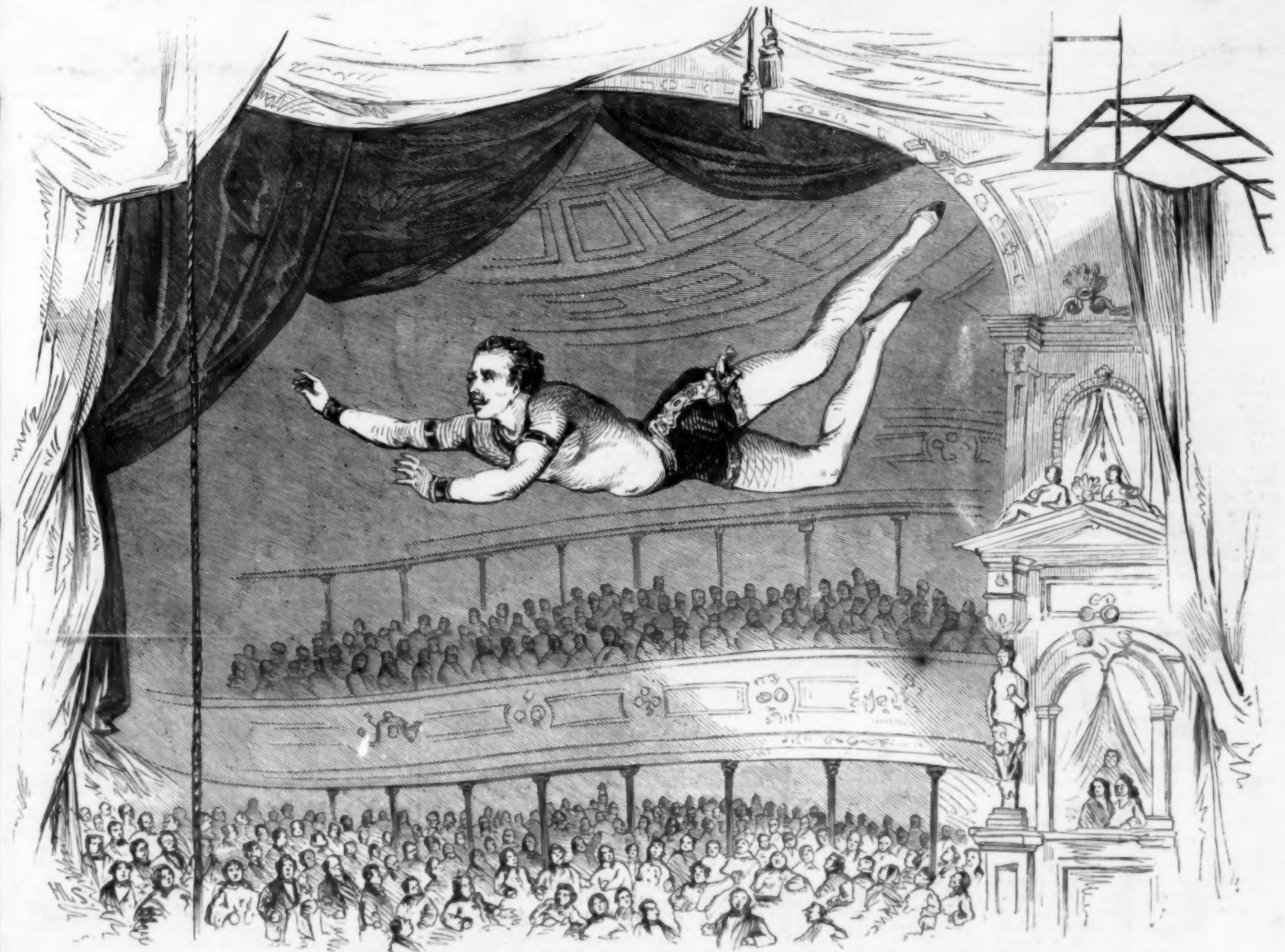
HON. THOMAS S. BOCK, OF VIRGINIA, CANDIDATE FOR THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 134.

HON. JAMES J. ROOSEVELT, UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

This distinguished subject of our present memoir, and whose portrait we give in our present number, is descended from an old

Knickerbocker family, and graduated in Columbia College, New York, in 1815. He soon afterwards entered the law office of the Hon. Peter A. Jay, with whom he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1818, entering into partnership with his accomplished principal, whose extensive and lucrative practice was becoming more

than he could attend to single-handed. Mr. Jay being the next year called to the Legislature, and the following one chosen Recorder, Mr. Roosevelt found a wide field for the display of his forensic ability, and seldom has any one at so early an age commanded the regard of the bar to an equal extent. In the course of a few years, Mr.



L'ESCHELLE PERILUEUSE—THE ORIGINAL AND DARING AERIAL REPRESENTATION BY THOMAS HANLON, NOW PERFORMED BY HIM EVERY EVENING AT KIRLO'S GARDEN.—SEE PAGE 134.

Jay retired altogether from private practice, leaving a most flourishing business in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. In 1828 he entered warmly into the canvas for General Jackson, and by his earnest and judicious labors helped to place the old hero in the Presidential chair. The same year Mr. Roosevelt was chosen Alderman, and fulfilled the duties of it at then respectable position with great credit to himself and advantage to the public.

In 1830 he sailed for Europe, and after visiting England went to Paris where he was a witness of the revolution which ended in the deposition of Charles the Tenth. He here had the gratification of assisting Madame Malibran to escape from the tyranny of a brutal husband, as the marriage having taken place in New York rendered the knowledge of an American advocate of great use to that unhappy and gifted lady.

After visiting many cities of note in Italy, he went to Madrid, where he was introduced to Miss Van Ness the daughter of the American Minister to the Court of Madrid. After a short courtship they were married, thus becoming related to Sir Gore Ouseley, who had just before married another daughter of our respected Minister. In November, 1831, he returned with his fair bride to the United States, and resumed the practice of his profession in the city of New York. He was soon afterwards appointed one of the Governors of the Alms House, and also other public institutions. In 1835 he was elected to the Legislature, and again in 1840. In 1841 he was sent to Congress, and was one of President Tyler's Select Committee to examine the Fiscal Officer whose functions were to take the place of the defunct United States Bank. In 1843 he was tendered a nomination, which he declined on account of family bereavements, and once more entered upon a European tour, which occupied a considerable portion of the next two years. On his return home he spent the following six years of his life on his farm in Westchester county, cultivating his paternal acres and realizing the picture so beautifully drawn by Horace.

In 1851 he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court, which position he occupied till the present year. On the death of Theodore Sedgwick, Mr. Buchanan showed his appreciation of Judge Roosevelt's eminent abilities and character by offering him the responsible office of United States District Attorney, which after some hesitation he accepted.

We conclude by congratulating our fellow-citizens upon an appointment which commands the approbation of all honest men, without any reference to political opinions. In politics Judge Roosevelt is a sound National Democrat.

HON. THOMAS S. BOCOCK, OF VIRGINIA.

The distinguished gentleman who, as the Democratic nominee for Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, for the Thirty-sixth Congress, concentrated the whole force of his party for two weeks, was born in Buckingham county, Virginia, in the year 1815.

At an early age he received the rudiments of a common school education in the county schools, and at the age of sixteen pursued the avocation of a teacher to enable him to raise money sufficient to complete his education. He afterwards graduated at Hampden and Sydney College in 1838, going through the whole course in the short time of two years, taking at his graduation the first honors of the class.

After leaving college he again taught school, at the same time reading law with his elder brother, then a prominent lawyer. Receiving in 1841 a licence to practice law, he soon entered upon a successful practice in partnership with his brother. Politics, however, very soon interfered with his profession, and he was elected by the Democrats in 1842 to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1843.

In March, 1844 he closed his career in the Legislature, in which he made, for a young man, a high and permanent reputation. In 1845 his county was divided, leaving him in what is now Appomattox county, where he resides. Upon the organization of this county, he was immediately elected Commonwealth's attorney, and he held the office until he was elected to Congress in 1847. A panic in Virginia at that time, on the subject of the Mexican War, threw a large number of the districts in Virginia into the hands of the Whigs, and made the contest in others very close, Mr. Bocock himself having been elected by only three votes. He has since been re-elected six different times, increasing his majority every time, until in the two last elections such has been his popularity that he was returned without opposition.

During his twelve years in Congress he has earned a distinguished reputation, as is attested by the earnest support his party has given him for the high office for which he nominated him.

In 1851 he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and has continued on that committee ever since, serving again as chairman during the last Congress. In this capacity he has done much to promote the efficiency of the navy, and the great increase of its war capacity is mainly due to his efforts.

Few men in Congress have wielded an equal influence. Being possessed of all the elements calculated to win the confidence of his associates, and being thoroughly acquainted on all the great questions of the day, his capacity for debate enables him to clearly discuss everything he attempts and to produce conviction wherever truth is not impeded by prejudices from combatting error.

In politics Mr. Bocock is a States Rights Democrat, true to every requirement of the Constitution, maintaining the perpetuity of the Union upon the basis of an exact preservation of every guarantee of the Constitution.

To use his own language, he is "for the protection of the rights of every section of the country, for the honor and glory of the whole."

Mr. Bocock's speeches are all regarded as model efforts; that on the Lecompton Constitution being conceded to be one of the ablest disquisitions elicited during the debate.

He served in 1852 and in 1856 as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of those years.

Mr. Bocock is rather over the middle height, well built, of genial temperament and courteous manners.

BLOCKING UP OF THE RIVER ST. CLAIR AT POINT EDWARD, CANADA, BY ICE.

The river St. Clair, at the Grand Trunk Railway Works, is nine hundred feet wide, with a current of six and a half miles an hour. It has not been blocked up before since 1841. On Tuesday morning, January 5, the wind having changed during the previous night, the ice rushed into the river with the peculiar noise so familiar to the ears of those who have lived in the Lower Provinces. It came down with irresistible force, large blocks jostling and crushing together, until they became a fixed but irregular mass, filling up nearly the whole of the river, and effectually precluding the possibility of a navigation.

It was an exceedingly beautiful sight, reminding one of the views in the Arctic regions, but decidedly annoying to the railway officials who were expecting the morning train from the West. Several persons started from the American side, determined to find a safe crossing, but soon returned and reported it impracticable. At last, within some ten minutes of the time for the train to be due, a party of French Canadians from Montreal started from the Canadian side with a double sleigh, and forced it across with a dash and a volley of those delightful howls without which Mr. Voyageur is helpless. The passengers were taken across on planks and ladders where the ice was at all dangerous, the ladies dragged over in skiffs placed on runners, the gentlemen slid, climbed and rolled to their destination. The next day the ice formed some six or seven miles up in the lake. All freight business is of course stopped, both up and down the river. The first man who crossed was Jimmie, the diver from the Victoria bridge at Montreal, who is a well-known character there. The thermometer ranged at fifteen degrees below zero.

THE TERRIFIC LEAP AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, FROM AN AERIAL APPARATUS.

It is very seldom that we have to chronicle such a feat as that which we illustrate in our present number, and which is nightly performing at Niblo's Garden. It is universally acknowledged as being the *chef d'œuvre* of gymnastic genius. Although no description can do justice to it, we will endeavor to give our readers some idea of Thomas Haulon's magnificent daring. He first performs many gymnastic feats, perfectly marvellous, with and upon six sticks, connected together, swinging in the air. He hangs by the nape of the neck, by the toes, by the knees, in every possible attitude, leaping and winding through the sticks or short ladder, and recovering his balance with great adroitness. Every gymnast will bear witness that, considering the many chances of falling which the acrobat runs, and against which no skill can guard this is beyond question the most terrifically dangerous exhibition ever seen in New York. The enthusiastic delight with which it has been received by crowded houses and their applause, shows that its danger as well as the skill displayed were fully appreciated.

After thus astonishing the audience, he suddenly darts from the slender platform, and taking a terrific leap, grasps at a rope at least twenty feet distance, which hangs from the rigging loft of the theatre, and after swinging on it for some short time, lets himself down on the stage. This appalling act of labor and ingenuity must be seen to be appreciated; the most elaborate description sounds tame after witnessing it, and when seen it takes the breath away from the spectator, since, should he miss his hold nothing could save him from instant destruction. It is undoubtedly the boldest, the most reckless gymnastic feat ever attempted.

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. P. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

POLITENESS is but a transparent mask for indifference. The heart is easily read through it. The polish brings out the grain.

Had Lady Fairclough not been blinded by weak affection for her unworthy husband, she must have discovered, long before repeated and continued absence from his home revealed the humiliating fact, how slight the hold she possessed on his affections.

With Sir Aubrey the marriage link was literally a golden one.

At first she tried reproaches. In the absence of proofs of his infidelity, the heartless libertine affected to treat them as childish and unreasonable; declared that family affairs occasioned his numerous journeys into the country, and assured her that his feelings towards her were unchanged.

In the last assertion there was as much irony as truth.

It was in vain that she entreated permission to accompany him. Tender solicitude for her health was the cause assigned for a refusal, and when the unhappy wife declared she would be satisfied if he only informed her of the name of the place he so frequently visited, the hypocrite affected to feel hurt at her want of confidence.

"Are you not beautiful," he said, in reply to her passionate appeals, "and does not my conduct prove how devotedly I love you? Why doubt your power over me? It is treason to yourself."

In the words of the poet, he might have added—

"Lady, thou art very fair,
But I need not tell thee this:
Few have borne unconsciously
The spell of loveliness."

Lady Fairclough knew that she was beautiful—her mirror daily assured her of the fact; but neither her mirror, her own vanity, nor, what was harder to resist, the cold but polished flatteries of the man on whom she had bestowed her whole heart, could persuade her she was beloved. Like oil cast on the troubled waters of the deep, they calmed the waves of passion for a time, but only served to lash them to redoubled violence in the sad hours of loneliness and reflection.

Like many wives in a similar position, the jealous woman weakly imagined it was doubt of her husband's fidelity that distracted her—that once convinced of his deceit, she could cast him from her heart, separate from him, forget him. As easily might she have resolved to separate from herself. There was but one cure possible for an infatuation such as hers—contempt; and she knew not yet the immeasurable baseness of Sir Aubrey's character.

In most of the ills which overtake us in this life, there will be found a poetry as well as justice. Lady Fairclough was punished where she had erred—in her affections. The pure and holy love of her son had been slighted, lost sight of, in the whirlwind of an all-engrossing passion.

Although a year had elapsed since she promised to write to him, poor Phil still pined for a letter from his mother.

The restless, jealous wife had noticed on several occasions as she stepped into her carriage an old gipsy woman loitering either in front of the house or against the railing of the square. There was something extremely forbidding in the expression of her countenance; the eyes brilliant as a rattlesnake's, fierce and cunning as those of the hungry lynx, when, crouching in the jungle, it watches the approach of its unwary prey.

Like most Creoles, her ladyship was of a nervous susceptible temperament, quick to receive impressions, and liable to act upon them without reflection, and the singular appearance of the hag haunted her imagination.

"What does the horrible creature want?" she exclaimed, as the mother of Kaled pressed past the footman, evidently with the intention of addressing her. "Give her something, and send her away."

The servant offered her a shilling.

The old gipsy regarded it with contempt, and broke into a mocking laugh.

"Horrible creature!" she repeated. "Fine terms to the same flesh and blood as yourself; but it's like the house dwellers. The pride of gold is in your words, but I don't envy you your silks and satins or the aching heart beneath them. Perhaps there is a contented heart beating under my rags. When I was young I wouldn't have changed places with you, I was happy in my tent on the common or by the roadside, for my husband was faithful to me."

The foot of Lady Fairclough was already on the step of her carriage when the last observation of the speaker and the look that accompanied it attracted her attention; they appealed to the burning thoughts festering in her brain and heart.

The well-powdered and richly-liveried footman looked inexpressibly shocked. The shoulder-knotted tribe are generally aristocrats in their way.

"Shall I call the police, my lady?" he demanded touching his hat.

"No," answered his mistress, impatiently; "I have changed my mind, and will not ride this morning; I shall walk. Have you the key of the square?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Follow me," said her ladyship, turning to the gipsy, who, with the cunning peculiar to her race, had watched the effect her words produced, and was mentally calculating how most to profit by her credulity.

The footman unlocked the gate, wondering as he did so what new folly or caprice had taken possession of his lady.

The gipsy, who loomed upon him malignantly as she passed into the aristocratic enclosure. She had not forgotten his suggestion of sending for the police. For once, however, her glance seemed to have lost its power. Jealous received it with the most stolid indifference, being neither nervous, susceptible nor imaginative.

"There! that will do—no nearer!" exclaimed Lady Fairclough, throwing herself into one of the rustic seats.

Martha had no wish to terrify her, and the opportunity of plundering her of the jewelled bracelets and glittering chain, which had attracted her greedy eyes, although tempting, was too dangerous to be tried, for the servant still lingered in the square. So she seated herself upon the grass plot, a few feet from her.

"Why did you boast of the fidelity of your husband," demanded her ladyship, "just now?"

"You stung me," answered the woman. "Crush the flower and you may obtain a sweet perfume from its leaves; place your heel on the head of the snake, and you can squeeze out nothing but venom."

"It was a lie, then—a wicked lie—to punish me for my unguarded expression," observed the lady.

"Martha never lies. Her husband was faithful to her."

"And mine?"

A peculiar smile passed over the sunburnt features of the Romanny. It wrung the heart more bitterly than the most positive assertion of Sir Aubrey's infidelity could have done. She might have doubted them, demanded proofs, but the smile, so full of conscious power, so mocking, it was impossible to question that.

"Tell me all," exclaimed Lady Fairclough, tossing her purse into the lap of the hag, who was secretly enjoying her misery; "tell me all."

Martha deliberately counted the amount of the gift, and being satisfied upon the point, thrust it into her capacious pocket.

"Your husband has deceived you," she replied; "it is a common trick with the house-dwellers. He loves another, a girl named Milly Moyne, whom he persuaded, more than a year since, to abandon her tribe and kindred. He guards her like a flower, whose roots are in his heart, and nurtured by his life-blood," she added slowly. "She is taught the learning of the house-dwellers, dresses like a queen, nothing is too good for the mother of his child."

"Child!" shrieked her ladyship, starting from her seat, and clasping her hands in an agony of jealousy, "did you say child?"

"A boy," observed Martha, quietly, "and that is the reason he has not tired of her. Men rarely continue faithful to the woman who does not make them a father."

"Where is this wanton?" demanded the outraged wife, "I will seek and confound her."

"I have not bargained yet to tell you that," answered the gipsy, cunningly.

"I will recompense you richly," exclaimed Lady Fairclough, with increased excitement, "glut your avarice to the uttermost. I will have revenge that shall wring his heart as he has trampled upon mine. Cold, heartless, despicable dissembler!"

The woman listened to her ravings, and watched her manner for some time in silence.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked, "is this a real, right down resolution that will last, or only the froth of passion? The house-dwellers, I have heard, soon get over these things; the Romanny chaf holds to her purpose till it is accomplished."

"I am of a land where the sense of injury is strong," replied the jealous woman, "and the thirst of revenge lasting."

"You are not of this country, then?" said Martha.

"No."

"That explains it," observed the gipsy. "I thought there was a cross in you I did not quite understand. If you really are stanch," she added, looking cautiously round, to make sure that no one overheard her, "it might be easily managed."

"Mean you the death of the girl?" whispered Lady Fairclough.

"No," replied Martha, sternly, "their separation. She is my brother's grandchild; and though the Hearnas are as good as the Keelans, blood is thicker than water. You house-dwellers think lightly of the Romanny; but we have our own laws and religion—it ain't our fault if they differ from yours. There are only two cases in which life may be taken between us—the first is for selling a true Pharo Chi into the hands of his enemies—the second when a wife breaks troth to her husband."

"Separated!" repeated her hearer, "yes, that might do."

"It must, if I am concerned in it. Milly was to have been married to my son, as likely a young fellow as ever layed the fell or jarred the kie. Although the brightest eyes in the tents look dull at his absence, the craving fool can think of no one else. He has followed on her trail for months—constant as heart-love, patient as hate. It was Kaled and not his old mother that found where the lost bird had built her nest."

Although much that the woman uttered was incomprehensible to the wife of Sir Aubrey, she gathered sufficient to understand that although no consideration would induce her to take the life of her rival, she had no objection to carry Milly off.

"Let your son marry her," she said. "I will give the wanton a rich dowry to rid her from my path."

"She must have the law of the tent," observed Martha, "thirty days."

"And then?"

"Then it matters but little, provided the tribe agrees, whether she consents or not," muttered the hag.

Like most jealous women, Lady Fairclough experienced a morbid desire of being resolved of her own misery, and having obtained, by means of a second bribe, the secret of Milly's retreat, she proceeded to Richmond, attended only by the faithful Samba. From the rustic ale-house directly opposite the avenue leading to Woodbine Cottage, she watched for hours for the appearance of her false husband. He issued from the porch at last, with a young and lovely girl upon his arm. Despite her resolution to suppress her feelings, passion mastered judgment. She would have issued forth and overwhelmed him with reproaches, had not the negress restrained her.

"No, missie, milady," she said, "you not let dat impudent ting see you suffer. If massa find out you know him tricks, it not do; be more cunning as you."

"My heart is broken, Samba!" sobbed her unhappy mistress.

"Yes, missie, milady."

"I have no one to love me now."

"When you hear last from massa Phil?" inquired the negress.

"I am rightly punished," murmured the wretched woman. "Is my devotion for that man, even my own child has been forgotten."

"Dat reason, perhaps, he not lub you," remarked the black woman. "He tink you hab no heart."

"Silence, Samba!" exclaimed her mistress, impatiently.

"Yes, missie, milady."

"Well," said Martha, entering the room where the speakers had so long been watching, "has the Romanny spoken truthfully or not?"

"Fatally so."

"My son is without; will you see him?"

At a signal from his mother, Kaled entered the room. He was no longer the thin, wiry stripling who, fearful of offending Milly, watched with timid looks her words and smiles, but a bold and stalwart man; a year had changed the playfulness of the cub into the ferocity of the full-grown tiger.

There was something painfully insulting in the coarse glance of admiration with which he regarded Lady Fairclough, who, under any other circumstances, would have ordered him from her presence with scorn and indignation.

"Is this the house-dweller?" he demanded.

Martha answered him in the affirmative by a hideous grin.

"We have both been wronged," said her ladyship, "in the tenderest point, and by the same offender; I must and will have justice."

"Nothing more easy," replied the ruffian, "provided you are willing to pay for it; for justice ain't given away. I have learnt that much since I quitted the tents."

"Right, boy—right," observed the old woman, approvingly.

"He often walks on the river's bank at night with her. I have been near enough to listen to their voices. Mother could secure Milly, whilst I —"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the weak and still doting wife, "would you harm him?"

"I thought you said we had both been wronged by the same person?"

"By the girl—the abandoned wanton who has ensnared his love-won his heart from me by her artful wiles. Were you to touch a hair of his head, I would hunt you through the kingdom—set the bloodhounds of the law upon your track. It is the girl," she repeated, vehemently, "on whom my revenge must fall, and not upon my husband."

"Whew!" ejaculated the ruffian, "I don't see how Milly has wronged you. You don't suppose he won her love by telling her that he had a wife? I dare say he never recollected it in her company."

"I shouldn't," he added, with a coarse laugh; "especially if Milly were only half as handsome as you are."

To this insolent speech, from a being whom she regarded as immeasurably beneath her, that she scarcely classed him in the same common humanity with herself, Lady Fairclough replied only by a glance of loathing and disdain.

"Bad man, missie, milady," said Samba; "bad man, why you talk id him?"

"What does the black devil say?" exclaimed Kaled, walking menacingly up to her.

In an instant the placid features of the negress changed; there was something wild and terrible in their expression, as she caught up a knife from the table, and crouched almost to the ground, like a pantheress ready to make a spring.

"White devil worse'n black," she hissed through her clenched teeth. "You tink Obea woman fear you; fool, she strike you dead!"

"Stash it," said Martha, speaking to her son in the Romany; "would you lose the red gold of the house-dwellers for an idle swagger?"

"I meant no offence to the lady," muttered her son; "I am only a poor ignorant gipsy, my bark is worse than my bite."

"Unless you bite in de dark," observed Samba, "and den you not bark."

"Enough of this," said her mistress; "it is impossible, quite impossible such a being could have intended to insult me. Are you willing to take this wretched girl and her child back to her tribe, and to marry her?"

"Quite willing," answered Kaled, "provided I am paid."

"Name the price of your compliance."

Martha and her son whispered for a few seconds together.

"A hundred coure—pounds I mean," replied the former; "and little enough too when you consider the blast upon Milly and the kid."

"There is an earnest of the sum," exclaimed her ladyship, placing a number of sovereigns upon the table. "When she is your wife you shall receive the rest. But you must wed her legally—in the church," she added, "and in presence of the witness I will provide."

"And how am I to be certain that you will keep faith with me when the knot is tied?" demanded the fellow.

"Your mother will answer for me," replied Lady Fairclough; "she knows where to seek me. But they must be separated at once—this very night. I must know that it is done, or suspense will kill me."

"You may trust to her," said Martha, speaking in her own peculiar tongue. "When the heart is filled with jealousy the hand is open."

This is a well-known Spanish proverb; and we have frequently been surprised in hearing not only Spanish, but even Arabian and Persian ones among the gipsies. Where they picked them up we must leave philologists to determine.

The garden of Woodbine Cottage extended to the Thames, and was so completely sheltered from observation that it was only from the river or by climbing the walls which surrounded it that it could be overlooked—circumstances highly favorable to the designs of Kaled and his mother, who, having procured a boat, landed on the lawn, and, concealing themselves in the shrubbery, waited patiently the opportunity of securing the child of Milly.

They had not long to wait.

There were but two domestics in the cottage, for Sir Aubrey and his victim both courted privacy—the former to avoid the discovery of his real name and rank, which he had concealed even from Milly; and the latter from that instinctive delicacy which taught her to hide her happiness and shame from the eyes of the world, always more ready to judge the error than the temptation.

The elder of the two women had availed herself of the absence of her mistress to visit her friends in Richmond, leaving her companion to look after the child, sleeping in its hammock beneath the tree.

A ring was heard; her mistress had returned from her walk to the entrance of the town, where she had taken leave of her betrayer, suddenly recalled to London.

"Watch, Snap!" said the girl, pointing to the infant.

The old hound replied by a look of almost human intelligence, and the speaker ran towards the house. As she disappeared, Martha and Kaled crept from their concealment. The dog uttered a fierce growl.

"Quiet the jake," said the ruffian.

His mother threw several pellets made of meat and other ingredients towards the animal, who, from some peculiar attractive aroma in the drugs mixed with them, devoured them eagerly.

After swallowing them they had nothing to fear, for in a few seconds he lay panting and dying at the foot of the tree.

As Kaled cut the cords of the hammock, he could not resist the gratification of inflicting unnecessary pain on the noble brute which had formerly defended Milly from his violence, and, fixing his heavy-heeled boots upon its neck, he watched with a grin its convulsive agonies.

"Away with you," said Martha, "to the boat."

Wrapping the infant in the hammock, they retreated to the water's edge, and rowed rapidly away.

Those only who have experienced the tenderness of a mother's love can conceive the agony of Milly at the loss of her child. Young, friendless, and ignorant of the world, instead of applying to the authorities, she hunted about the neighborhood, shrieking its name, and demanding of every one she met if they had seen her infant.

Some pitied her, others considered her insane. In her despair she took no heed of her steps. Towards midnight she found herself on the banks of the river, almost eight miles above the bridge.

It was a lonely spot, and the desolate, broken-hearted mother, exhausted with fatigue and excitement, cast herself upon the ground and wept bitterly.

"God of the house-dwellers!" she exclaimed, "what have I done to offend thee? If I have broken thy laws, it has been through ignorance, not willingly. Take pity on me, and restore to me my first-born!"

A low chuckling laugh broke from a thicket near, and Martha and Kaled made their appearance. The instant she recognized them Milly turned fearfully pale; she knew the pitiless hands into which she had fallen.

"Much good you have learnt amongst the house-dwellers," said the hag, in a mocking tone, "if they have only taught you to pray."

Alas! they had not even taught her that.

"My child," murmured Milly, clasping her hands, "my child!"

"Come with us and you shall see it," answered Kaled.

The unhappy girl hesitated.

"Refuse," observed Martha, "and it must soon die. It pines for the breast already."

Maternal love prevailed over the fear of outrage, the pain of being separated from the man she loved, and Milly followed them submissively, till they reached one of those vans in which the wandering outcasts of society travel and reside.

"Enter," said the old gipsy woman, sternly; "you will find the brat within."

Milly sprang into the van. In an instant her child was once more nestled at her heart.

Martha followed, after bidding her son, who had mounted on the outside of the vehicle, to drive on.

(To be continued.)

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

A sensation story—All a question of time—Love and his Balloon—Pamphlets—Granier de Cassagnac—Lady Cowley's Ring—Les Petites Mains—The Guerroniere Pamphlet and the Emperor.

Has it ever occurred to you that of late years the melo-dramatic, "sensational," "awful domestic tragedy" sort of anecdote, while it flourishes in full bloom in America and in its press, is becoming rare in Paris. With you it is generally very vulgar; with us it is as yet extremely respectable—only a little out of date. The reason why we are losing it is because it is founded on a state of artificial feeling which is yielding to two influences: the one bad and mean—that is to say, to the morbid and nasty, as shown in "Fanny" and in "L'Amour"; the other good, as shown in a certain tendency to the vigorous and real. A splendid illustration of this old-fashioned style of intensity of feeling has just met my eye in the *Journal de Nègre*, and, as I have reason to believe in its truth, I transfer it to your columns:

"An unfortunate accident recently occurred at the railroad here. The Sieur de Jardin was struck on leaving the depot by the shaft of a tumbrel, and died soon after."

"Five years previously Jardin had lost his wife, whom he had loved with a devotion carried to excess. In his sleeping apartment was a devotional chair, on which he would kneel for hours. On the Friday previous to his death he told her suddenly that a secret presentiment made him sure that his death was at hand. 'Listen,' said he, 'to my last desire. When I am dead give to the Sieur de B— the key of my *prie-dieu*, in order that he may remove and inter with me in my coffin that which he will find therein.'

"His daughter asked him what there was in the *prie-dieu*. He refused at first to let her know, but as she insisted, he told her that

he had there concealed the remains of her mother! Before quitting St. Germain de Bois, a village which he had inhabited previous to the death of his wife, he had come during the night to the cemetery, and unseen by any one had dug up the bones, and taking them home deposited them in the *prie-dieu*.

"The day after this avowal to his daughter M. Jardin went to his office as usual, and met with the accident which caused his death."

"His body was placed on a bed, but what was the surprise of those present to find, on stripping the corpse, a small leather bag attached to it by a belt, and next to the heart. The physician present opened his lancet and cut the bag open. It contained—a dried human hand!"

"Mdlle. Jardin, remembering the last request of her father, had the *prie-dieu* opened. They drew from it one of the shakos of the National Guard, and in the bottom, on top of the shako, was a human skull, to which long hair was still attached, while ranged around it were the bones of a skeleton—the bones of Madame Jardin!"

"There you have it—bones and romance, undying misery and a dead hand on the heart, with all other post mortem claptrap—the 'presentiment' not being forgotten. What a subject for one of the second-rate poets of America—for those weeping bards who write as from an endless dy-pepeia. Bones and prayers—what a model of a fine healthy rational mind! But such 'sentiment' will soon vanish—it is only a question of time."

Our entire French public was taken in by the ingenious vagabond, Lowe and his balloon. Even yet, provincial papers and Parisian papers, which are behind the age in a knowledge of American bombing, are publishing accounts of the enormous bag and of the inflation of it by the New York Gas Company. I said from the first that it would not go beyond an exhibition. Meanwhile, a friend from New York tells me that the gas there is of so poor a quality that nothing but an advertisement could ever be inflated by it, and that one humbug helped another. Is it true that your gaslights are as dim as those old-fashioned tallow candles? Here, where all that ought to be in the hands of the Municipal Government is so, there is no room for complaint. Perhaps in New York such an improvement is only a question of time.

Once in a few years the gay members of the gay world have fresh fancies in the matter of visiting cards. Just at present very highly titled people are leaving the *cartes de visite amuseuses*. On these cards, and on a wide margin, are all sorts of funny designs, a blank space being left in the centre for the name. The fancy will last for a few days, then the multitude will vulgarise it—it will be over. Meanwhile many literary and artistic characters continue to distribute their photographs in visiting cards to the world.

One night, in these times, imagine that we had returned to the old days when the pamphlet was what the newspaper now is, and when reputations were made and unmade by brochures. This morning I saw a crowd at the Bourse reading a placard. It was an official denial of the rumor that the Pope's Nuncio had threatened to demand his passports on account of the recent pamphlet by Guerroniere. Meanwhile, it is said that Guizot is engaged on a pamphlet on the same great subject—the temporal power of the Pope. No one seems to doubt here that, sooner or later, the temporal power will be removed from the Head of the Church. It is only a question of time.

Granier de Cassagnac, who stuck to the Emperor when every other literary man of note opposed him, published lately in the *Pays* an article on Guerroniere's pamphlet, in which he declares that the press has all been wrong about it. But he understands it. He says that the pamphleteer has no idea of depriving the Pope of the Legations, but advises the old gentleman to submit to the present hard state of affairs, and even admits the necessity of maintaining the temporal power of the Pope! M. de Cassagnac also asserts that the pamphlet confines itself to setting forth the opinion that the Congress alone will decide that the Church will remain full and entire. Whether it will do so is decidedly a question of time.

The Emperor continues to give presents. Lately at a soirée he was studying chiology, or character as indicated by the hand, in the *main blanche* of Lady Cowley. Suddenly it occurred to him that on the fair fingers there was a wedding ring, but not one of betrothal. Wonderful discovery! He inquired the reason, and learned that she had been married in such a hurry that Milord had had no time to provide such a hoop. Our friend Louis said nothing, but "kept up a thinking," and formed a resolution. A few days after he presented to her a betrothal ring, with three magnificent diamond rings for guard, with the words, "I beg you to accept this ring as a new pledge of alliance between France and England." Whether this will really have the effect of bringing both countries into a ring fence is also a question of time.

Talking of hands, they have just brought out at the Vandeville a graceful little thing, entitled "*Les Petites Mains*." "The Little Hands," by Messrs. Labiche and Edouard Martin, the immortal moral of which is that dainty little white hands of men or women should be dedicated only to delicate duties, to artistic employment, to eating and to caressing their loves, and not be soiled by hard work. Very agreeable for the owners of all aristocratic little hands, but much less so for those who belong to suffering and toiling humanity. But it must be admitted that the comedy is witty, sparkling and refined, just the thing to please the small-handed, and even thousands of the large-handed who belong to the genus, flunkey or snob. It cannot be denied that such productions as set forth titled life and its subtle tyranny are, on the stage especially, best patronized by the blouses. Will the multitude ever learn to take the deepest interest in that real nature and truth which underlie all "society"? It is only a question of time.

To return to the pamphlet. As I write there is a steadily increasing excitement, not merely in Paris, on the subject, but all over Europe. Stocks have fallen at the Bourse, and the bears are starting every hour fresh falsehoods, fresh rumors to add to the feeling. All of them have fallen dead to the ground. Will the Emperor disavow the authorship of the pamphlet? It is being asked by every one. Certain it is that Louis Napoleon understands better than any man on a throne in Europe, the art of making his every movement of tremendous importance. It is no longer in diplomacy "*que dira l'on*?" but "*que dira l'id*?" What he will say, what he thinks, is the pivot of European politics. No sooner does one question arise than another follows. A year ago it was his harsh answer to the Austrian Minister which ended in a grand war—now it is a pamphlet—what will it be next New Year? Where will he be, where will France be in twenty years, should this great man who controls the elements of revolution, and constantly makes his nod more awful, live so long? He is enriching France, consolidating her power, attaching to him his old enemies, and is adored by all the women. Where will he end? That too, oh, American friend, is only a question of time.

Thine, PANURGE.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

December 31, 1859.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has miscalculated the Pope's forbearance by patronising Guerroniere's pamphlet on the Pope and the Congress, for he has declined sending a Plenipotentiary to Paris till the offensive brochure has been repudiated. The Congress has consequently been postponed for a short time, for that France and England will suffer such an effort as Rome to stand in their path is an absurd supposition. The pamphlet has naturally given great offence to Austria and Naples, and there is a rumor that even Russia thinks the principles laid down by Guerroniere go a little too far, and strike at the root of all legitimate power. For my own part, I am convinced that the days of Popedom are numbered. We have also had in Paris another proof of Louis Napoleon's hostility to the bigotry of Rome. It is in the production of a drama written by Mequard, his private Secretary, founded on the case of the Jew boy Mortara. In order to show his sympathy, the Emperor, attended by the Empress and many of his chief officers, went on the first night, and heartily applauded several times when the Jewess mother vindicated her natural rights against the assumption of the Church. It is supposed that this play was performed to test the feeling of the Parisians towards the Holy Father. If so, the result must have been a very gratifying one to Louis Napoleon, for the denouement—which gives the child back to the Jewish parent—was vehemently applauded by the audience, and continues nightly to receive the same public endorsement. In the meantime the Duke of Modena is raising an army to watch his late dominions, but it is not likely that France will allow him to take any active steps to regain his power.

Garibaldi is in Northern Italy, near Como. It is said he is unable to return to his home on account of a wound in the knee, while

others say this is a mere excuse to keep there to be ready for action. It is well known that he considers all the fighting is not yet over.

The Moorish-Spanish war remains in much the same state—fighting, but no progress on either side. The Spaniards have not advanced a mile into Africa, and have to maintain every foot of ground in continuous action.

I have been much gratified at the frank and friendly spirit evinced by the British Press on the occasion of the John Brown execution. With the exception of such crazy persons as Harriet Martineau and the Howitts, all have recognized the justice of the sentence and the enormity of the offence. At the same time the Southern chivalry have been extensively laughed at for their shiverly behavior in tarring and feathering your artist, and seizing on every pedlar who sold a hickory ham or wooden nutmeg.

[Our correspondent is mistaken. Our artist was neither tarred, feathered nor expelled.—Ed.]

I have, notwithstanding manfully stood up for the Old Dominion, and urged the fact that when a man sits on a barrel of gunpowder it is not pleasant to have a parcel of vagabonds throwing squibs and crackers about. "Then," said an Exeter Hall saint, "why sit on barrels of gunpowder cotton?" "Oh," I replied, "that's another question!" The London Times has come out quite strong in favor of the South, but I do not think it speaks the popular mind. The fact is, the English people care little about America, and know still less.

There is not much domestic news. The most piquant are a couple of scandal cases. A clergyman named Green, curate of a village near Maidstone, in Kent, has run away with Mrs. Bannerman, a married lady, with half a million of dollars in her own right. It reminds me of Leigh Hunt, who, when told that the Bishop of London had eloped with Mrs. Norton, declared with pious enthusiasm that "it was the best thing he had ever heard of a bishop—it was human, and that he had hopes of him!" If parsons never did anything worse than carry off their neighbors' lambs they would have comparatively little to answer for. [We need hardly add that we do not agree with our correspondent.—Ed.] The other is of an archdeacon who made love to two married sisters; each has presented her lord and master with a pair of twins so remarkably like the archdeacon that the murder is out. You must know that the archdeacon has an awful squint and flaming red hair, and the four young strangers possess these ornaments to a wonderful degree. These two cases have driven the Gurney elopement out of the market. It is said that Mr. Gurney, who is a member of Parliament, will have to wait nearly a couple of years before his divorce case will come before the Courts, in consequence of the immense number now pending. In fact, England is becoming almost as bad as America for the looseness of the marriage tie.

Albert Smith has had an apoplectic fit: he is, however, getting better, but will have to rest.

Thackeray's new magazine is considered by all clear-headed judges as a failure. Three serials are too much. People are getting tired of so much story-telling. The London penny papers supply the class which delight in this sensational food. My own idea of a first-class magazine or weekly paper is this. One good, interesting serial—one short tale begun and ended in one number, or never to exceed two numbers, a couple of first-class poems, all the important news of the week condensed, the chit-chat of the time, a lively essay, two or three editorials, some fearless book reviews, a little fun, and there is my dish. Now, the *Cornhill Magazine* isn't it according to this prescription, and hence is a failure.

Lord Macaulay died on the 28th, of aneurism. He was only fifty-nine. His family were African and West India merchants, and within these last few years his father's and uncle's counting-house was in a narrow passage on the east side of the Mans on House, with the name of Zachary Macaulay & Co. on a brass plate on the door. Macaulay's title died with him, as he was a bachelor. As an author, he was a turgid writer and a partial historian. So far as word painting goes it is brilliant, but it is very unreliable. His account of William of Orange is a disgrace to literature. According to Macaulay, the assassin of George was a hero and a saint. He was neither one nor the other. He was nothing but one of those skilful butchers called generals. As an essayist Macaulay is striking, with a strong leaning to the rhetorical. His Historical Ballads are full of fine description, but wholly devoid of poetry. But I am forgetting myself. You want news, and not criticism. [Least of all, such criticism as the above.—Ed.]

There is a rumor at the American Legation that the Chinese authorities had requested the mediation of Mr. Ward to arrange their quarrel with France and England. Mr. Dallas laughs at the report. As Mr. Ward well knows, he would not be listened to. Apropos, I heard at Portland Place last week that Governor Floyd is going to resign in consequence of Mr. Buchanan's unreasoning hostility to the Little Giant. What has become of George N. Sanders, who was formerly our Consul in London, and whose Ostend Manifesto elected Buchanan? He was very popular here, and left hosts of friends.

I must not forget to mention that there is a talk in Paris of making Prince Plon-Plon Grand Admiral to the French fleet. He has one great qualification. He can put to sea without being seasick, an achievement seldom attained by a frog-eating admiral. There has been considerable gossip about a conversation which has crept into print in Paris. It is called a dialogue between a Frenchman and an Englishman, and embodies what passed between Louis Napoleon and Richard Cobden. You no doubt knew that they were well acquainted in England, and have always professed a great regard for each other. The Emperor's reasoning is very ingenious, but does not convince a single John Bull.

The theatres are in full blast with the Christmas pantomimes; but I must leave these till my next.

JONATHAN.

A Successful Case of transfusion of blood into the veins of a woman was performed lately in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The woman, although in the prime of life, had become so weak from the loss of blood that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering results were immediately manifested! She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond the reach of danger.

On Tuesday Evening, in Buffalo, one of the oldest and most respectable citizens happening to recollect that it was the twentieth anniversary of the wedding of one of his daughters, summoned his numerous family, sons, daughters, sisters, &c., and procuring the necessary material, some music and other matters, proceeded, about twenty strong, to the residence of the daughter. The lady was out. She was sent for and received her guests in her wedding garment of twenty years since.

A most Impudent Robbery was effected a few days since in Natchez, Miss. A Mrs. Aylet Buckner, of that city, had just drawn from Messrs. W. A. Britton & Co.'s banking-house the sum of \$5,000. While crossing the sidewalk from their door to her carriage she was accosted by a person of gentlemanly exterior, who told her Mr. Britton had made a mistake in counting the money, and that he wished to recount it. Not distrusting the occurrence at all, but presuming the stranger to be a clerk, she handed him the money, and got into her carriage. The person of gentlemanly exterior did not return, and has not been heard from at last accounts.

A Credulous and too confiding German was victimized last week by a clever sharper. He was passing up the Bowery, when a man, apparently in great distress, came up to him, and handing out a beautiful gold watch, offered to sell it for \$25. The Teuton said no, but the man pleaded poverty so earnestly that he offered him four dollars and a half for the timepiece. This offer was accepted, though with much hesitation, and the buyer was invited to take a drink in a neighboring saloon. The pair entered a drinking place together, when the seller took the watch out, and showing it to the German, told him he would get a bargain, and then wrapped it up in a piece of paper, saying, "Now, don't let any one see this until you get home, because my friends would tell it in a minute." The pair then separated, but the buyer concluded to enter a jeweller's shop a block off, and see if the article was gold. He did so. "Is that gold?" asked he of the proprietor, handing the small parcel over the counter. The paper was loosened and opened, when to his watch over there, but a well shaped piece of stone in-dood. The cheated Teuton was overcome by excitement, demanded immediate relief of the police, and swore dreadfully; but as he could not tell who the swindler was, or where he could be found, no aid could be given him, and he left more excited than when he came.

A Mother of Six Children Shot while Looking from her Window.—In Philadelphia, a few days ago, an unassuming white woman, named Bridget Dunn, the mother of six children, was rudely and wantonly shot dead while quietly looking from the window of her residence. It appears that about eleven o'clock the murdered woman left her husband and repaired to her chamber in the second story, for the purpose of retiring to bed, and had partially undressed herself, when she was called by some party outside, and raising the sash she looked out, when almost immediately after doing so a weapon was fired and she fell dead.

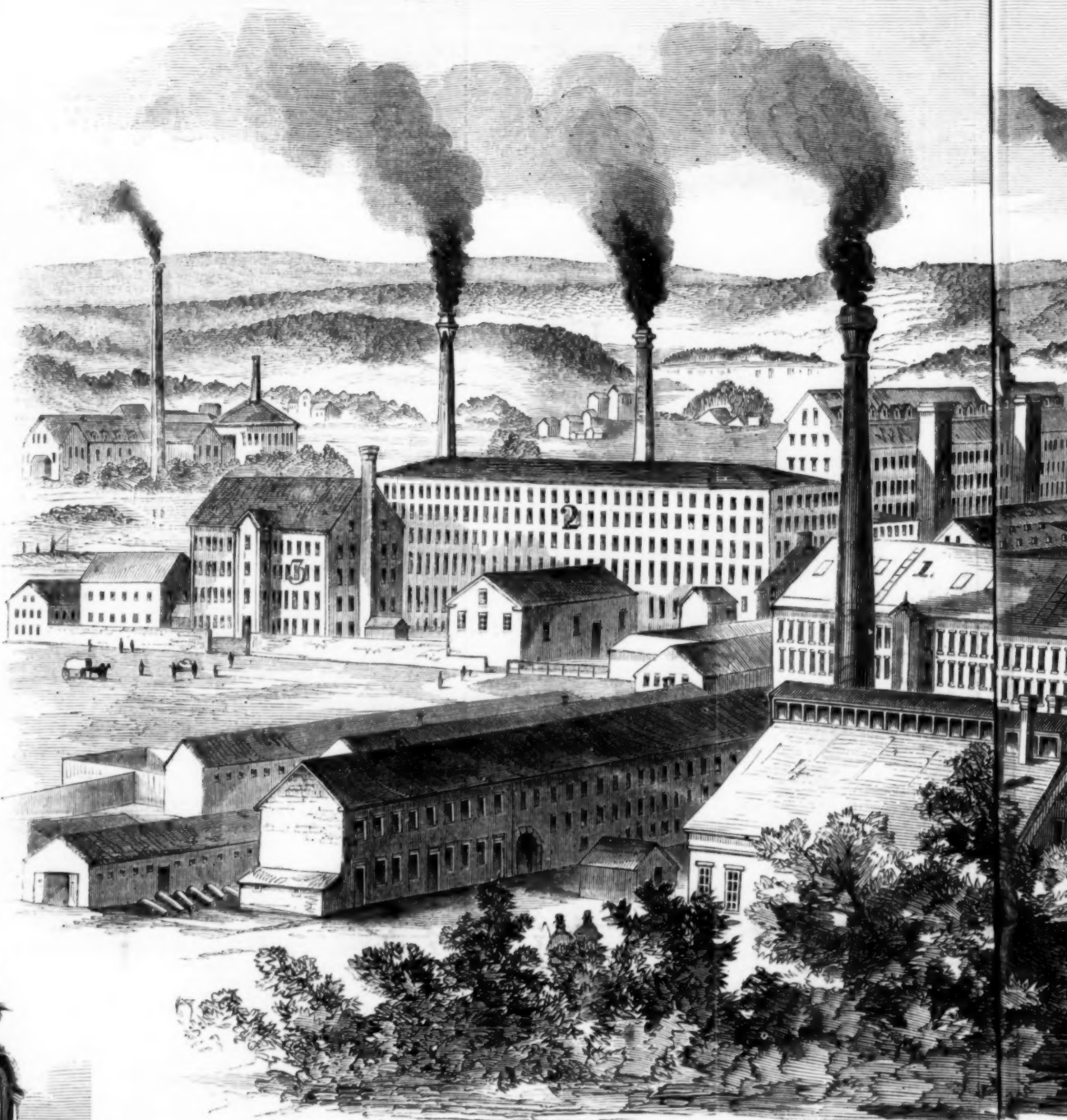
Large Sale of Negroes.—Five hundred and thirty-six negroes, owned by the estate of the late Joseph Bond, were sold at Albany, Georgia, on the 4th inst., at an average of \$1,025. They were sold in families, and there are still thirty to be disposed of. One boy brought \$3,500, and a woman sold for \$2,500.



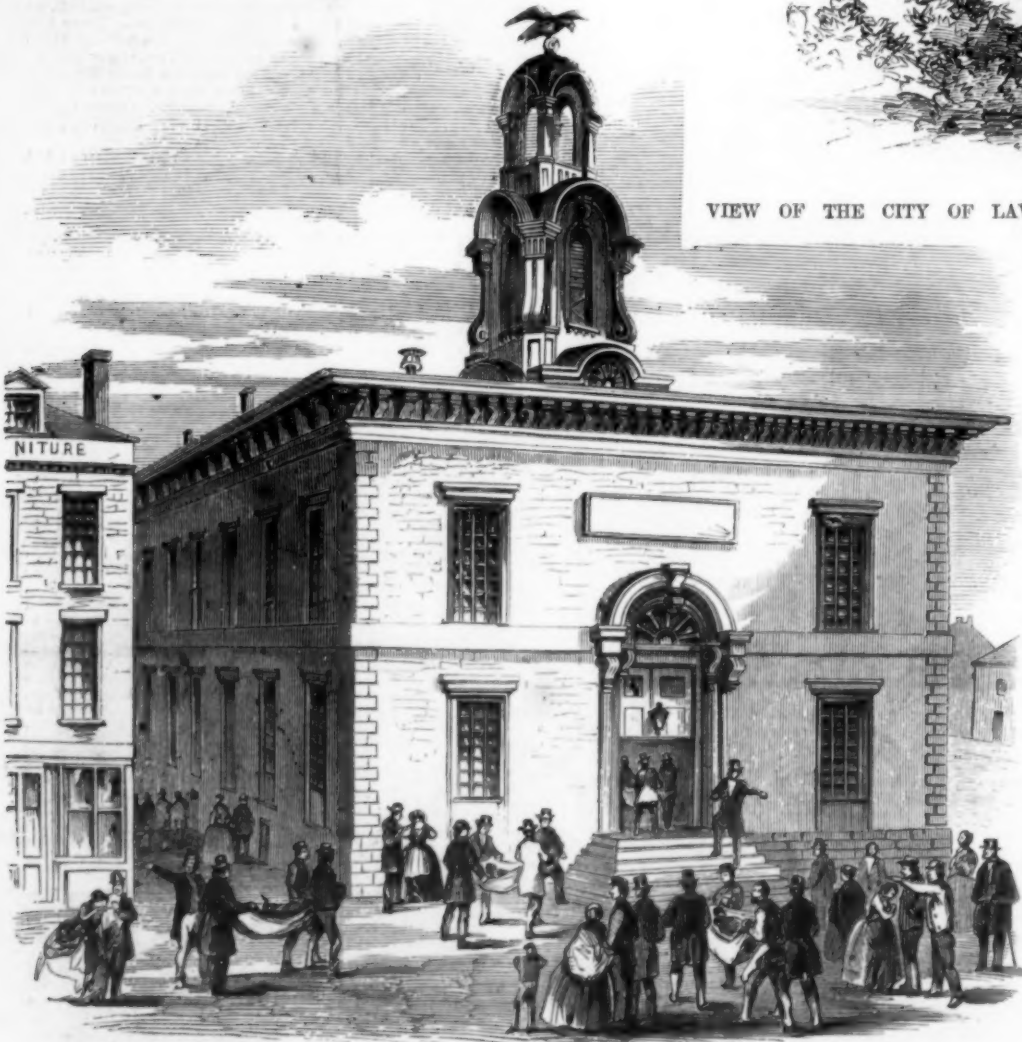
APPEARANCE OF ONE OF THE BODIES IMMEDIATELY AFTER IT WAS TAKEN FROM THE RUINS OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.



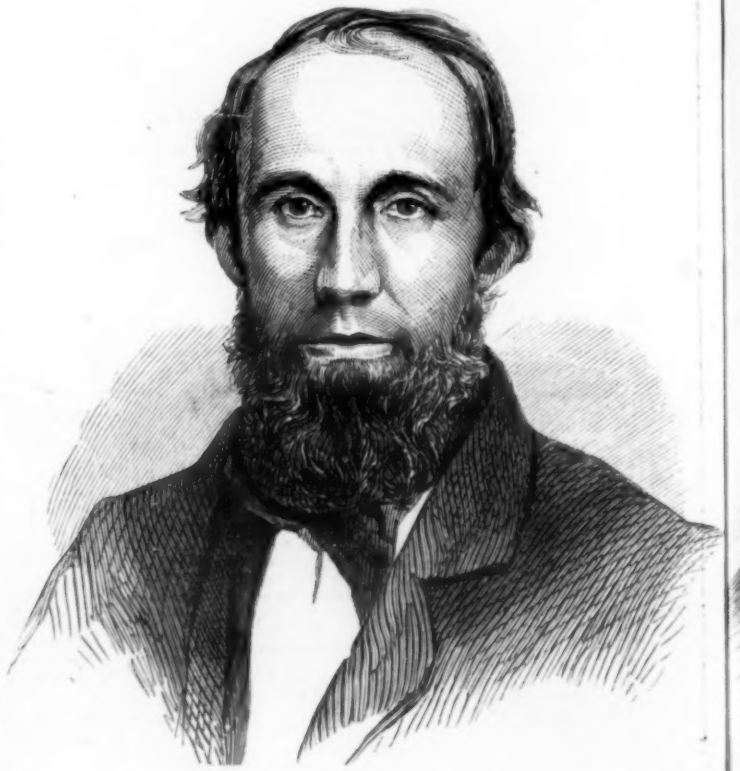
A MAN HELD FAST IN THE RUINS, ON THE APPROACH OF THE FLAMES, SEIZED HOLD OF A FIREMAN, WHO, IN HIS STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE, ACTUALLY DRAGGED THE MAN OUT.



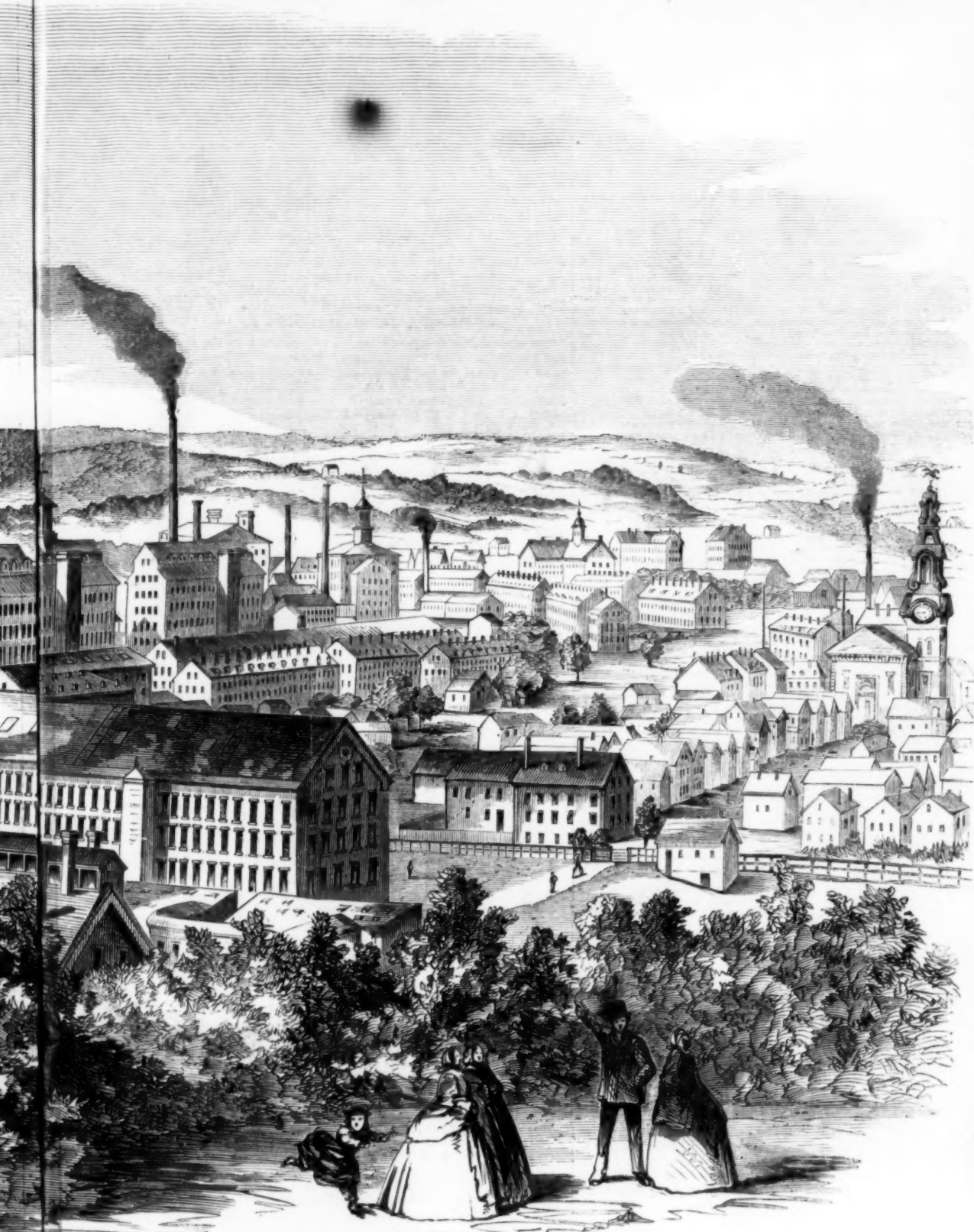
VIEW OF THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, MASS., SHOWING THE SITE OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS AND THEIR



THE CITY HALL, OF LAWRENCE, MASS., USED AS A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED AND DEAD TAKEN FROM THE RUINS OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.



D. SAUNDERS, JR., MAYOR OF LAWRENCE, MASS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. L. PRATT, LAWRENCE, MASS.



BRINGING THE BODIES OF THE DEAD OR WOUNDED TO THE CITY HALL IN A SHEET.

Suspension of Work in the Duck Mill.—The Boston Journal of the 16th inst. says operations have been entirely suspended in the Duck Mill since the calamity, none of the late operatives being found willing to risk their lives in the building. The apprehension for its security is greatly increased by the falling of a portion of the coving on the southern end of the mill. This accident happened about a month ago, and resulted in the demolition of the coving on one-half of the roof from the eaves to the ridge-pole. This was probably occasioned by the location of heavy duck looms in the fourth story, the operation of which produced greater jarring than exists in mills generally.



A YOUNG GIRL HELD FAST BY A HEAVY BEAM IS, AFTER EVERY EXERTION TO SAVE HER, ABANDONED TO THE SURROUNDING FLAMES.

S PR THEIR FALL, ALSO WASHINGTON MILLS, DUCK MILLS AND OTHER MILLS IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY.



L. PRUDEN, ENGINE COMPANY NO. 4, OF LAWRENCE, MASS., WHO RESCUED THE NAKED AND SHELLED HER IN HIS OVERCOAT—PHOT. BY D. L. PRATT, LAWRENCE, MASS



VIEW OF THE ROOM ADJOINING THE LARGE HALL, IN THE CITY HALL, CONTAINING THE DEAD BODIES OF SEVENTEEN SUFFERERS SACRIFICED BY THE FALLING OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.

HISTORY OF THE LAWRENCE CATASTROPHE.

(Continued from page 130.)

Newell W. Dean, employed in the carding-room, second story, described the falling of the floor above him: did not know of any suspicion of weakness of pillars or walls; never knew of an accident to any pillar in my room; have noticed that the floor between the two ranges of pillars was slightly settled in the middle, but not more than I have noticed in other mills; there was less jarring there than in any other mills; the fly-frames in the second story were heavier than those commonly used.

Mr. Benjamin Choudege was recalled.—He considered that the foundation of the mills was uninjured, and that the cause of the catastrophe was the breaking of a pillar near the southern end.

Thomas S. Winn recalled.—In moving the four machines, on the day of the accident, from east to west, we did it by inserting iron bars in all the holes in the floor and bracing the tacking; the hole for a bar nearest the southern end was severely set from it and a few feet from the western wall; the mill, from its size and weight, I should not think as stable as some mills I have worked in; the first year I worked there, the chimney swayed, and there were cracks along the south and west walls; the southern wall was secured by strong bars, and after that I had no fears; it always seemed to me that the pillars and walls were not strong enough for the weight of the machinery; I do not know whether there was a larger amount of snow on the roof or not; the jarring the walls in working was less than usual, on account of the looms being so placed as to beat lengthwise rather than crosswise; at the time of the fall I was eighty feet or so from the south end, near the west wall; the first sixty feet from the south end was occupied in the centre and the west division by forty card frames; weighing one thousand and one thousand two hundred pounds each; the next twenty or thirty feet by eight fly frames, weighing three thousand to three thousand five hundred pounds each—a total of between thirty and forty tons; I was beyond the fly frames, near the west wall; four of the fly frames were behind me; the floor went down behind me first, and I sprang forward to the wall; whether the other portions of the floor went at the same time I cannot tell.

The evening session of the Inquest of Monday 16th was very important, so much so that we give it in full:

John Crawford, sworn.—Have been in the employ of the Pemberton Company for five years, until nine months ago, when I was discharged by Mr. Glover. I was in the Washington Mills when the calamity took place; I know how the fire took; it was between nine and ten o'clock; I was there helping to assist, my daughter was in the ruins, and I was looking for her. I got part way into the weaving-room, and was stopped by the ruins, when a young man came up and asked me to hold a lantern. I held it about ten minutes, when somebody asked for it and went down. He came back, and he said it was a deep hole there, which went down to the card-room. He went down again, and I said, "For God's sake be careful of that lantern." He went down further, and I said, "For God's sake don't go there with that light." He went down, however, and in going down, struck the lantern on some timber on the right hand side. When he struck the lantern it broke, and immediately fell; I shouted "fire," and stooped down to pull him out; he was on fire himself; the fire spread like gunpowder; I ran for our machine; the fire took near the centre of the building, and near the Duck factory. The lantern was a common square one, with a metallic top, bottom and corners, in which four squares of glass were set. It was not protected by the usual guard about that style of lanterns. It is carried by a very large flat ball to hang considerably on the arm. A small square lamp of metal, with a single burner, supplied with burning fluid, rested upon the bottom of the lantern, and gave the light. Witness was then asked about the building of the mill. I was in the mill fixing some machinery in the third story, and saw a big crack in the wall. This was a year after the mill began to run. John Harris told me it had been so ever since the mill was built. The crack ran up the whole of the building. From this time I worked in the repair shop. While I was thus employed, the third story settled so that they were obliged to level up the main gearing several times. They did this on Sundays. The spinning-room, however, was the worst. I don't know how much the shafting was levelled up, but know it was some, for I assisted in the job. They altered the hangers until they got the shafting to run. After this I was called into the card-room, and helped level up the fly frames. They were levelled up in various ways, and some of them were found half an inch out of level. The settling of the above floor might settle the shafting below, and all this disarrangement might have been owing to the settling of the floors. They must, however, have settled more than a inch to do this. Had the floors all settled alike the machines would not have been so very uneven. The floor had settled more in some places than in others. After this the shafting was levelled up three or four times, but how much I do not know. The main line of the shafting runs about one-third of the way from one side of the building, and very near the first line of pillars, but the lines are not in the same relative positions in all the rooms. I have worked for years past in both mills and repair shops, but only in the Washington and Pemberton mills in this country.

Q.—Did you ever think the mill unsafe?

A.—Yes, sir, when the mill was in motion; if it was a windy day and you put your forefinger to the crack, you would feel the wind come; when I was playing on the fire I heard Mr. Knowles say that he was surprised to see that end of the building stand as it did, as he had always supposed it to be the weakest part of the mill; I also heard him say to the gentleman he was talking to that he had never supposed that wall to be a suitable one, and I know that he had at one time to plaster it up; I never felt any fear as to the safety of the mill, except when up at the end near the crack; have allowed my daughter to work in the mill, but have always understood that she should not work near that end, and she did not work there. When I was levelling up the machinery I never heard any overseer speak about the building being unsafe. The levelling is done in all mills, but not so much as there. I asked Hendrick B. Thompson, the fire overseer, how it was that the shafting needed levelling so often. He said he didn't know; laughing at the time and giving me no complete answer. The blacksmith and I had some conversation about the crack. I then had the lantern in my hand and knew it was a fluid lamp.

The evidence of Mr. Crawford made a profound sensation. Some wished to discredit it because he had been discharged from the mill, forgetting that he had worked there for five years previously. His discharge might have been a matter of caprice, his five years' service proved his efficiency and faithfulness.

The next witness was well known in Lawrence, and universally respected and esteemed:

Testimony of the Mill Carpenter.

Benjamin Harding, sworn.—Am a carpenter, and have been one for twenty-five years. Have been employed in the Pemberton Mills. My business was in the first place preparing beams to put into the mill. There were two pieces in each section bolted together with three bolts. The pieces of timber were seven by sixteen before they were planed; they had a three-quarter piece between, making the beam sixteen inches for the first three or four floors. The next were an inch smaller, I think, each way. Worked on the Pemberton Mill until it was complete. In the third story floor the first half of the beams next to the canal were full length. The other half were a little short—four inches on each end. The centre pieces were alike through the whole twenty-seven beams in a story, and I think that about half were short. Should think the short ones rested from two to three inches in the main wall. Some of them may have rested four inches. There were plasters, if I recollect rightly, coming as far as the third floor, and then were discontinued. The timbers were not cut short. They were not ordered long enough. I cut them myself. Think that the projections were built from the plasters. (Witness referred to the plan.) I know where these short timbers were put; they were projections thrown out from the wall. I am sure it was on the southern half that wherever the projections were the short timbers were placed. Think the northern half did not have these projections, because the beams were not long enough. On the next floor the beams were full length and rested eight inches on the wall. The mason work was carried up one-half at a time, and then the timbers were laid. I asked Mr. Knowles what I should do about cutting out the timber. He said cut them as long as you can and I will tell Captain Eggleston. The result was the projections were built. The joints were well made with seven-eighths inch bolts. Never knew a mill to be supported like this in the shoring; should think the best method was not used in the shoring of this mill always; that the columns of the lower stories were about big enough for the third story, and I said so at the time. Thought the caps were not large enough, and not more than half thick enough, and that the plasters were not secured, for if the flanges should by any cause break, as one did once, the pinto could come up into the hollow column, the core being larger than the pinto. I asked if this were secure, when we were putting them up, and was told that was the orders. I said no more, it being none of my business. The building in all its parts, for its size, was rather slender. Not only the columns were deficient, but there was too much space given to the wings, making the walls weak. I would have had three rows of columns, making shorter sections. The machinery was very heavy for the surface; a monstrous weight to be held up by the columns below. Never knew of any other mill with so long sections. The man who superintended the building said they should never be over twenty-two or twenty-four feet. They were twenty-seven. The beams were small for the length of the section. Should think the carding room described by Mr. Winn, the overseer, was very heavily loaded. Should have thought that the machinery should have been moved if it was held up for fear of difficulty. It has ever been my opinion that the floors were loaded very heavy. There might not have been a much greater weight to the square foot than in smaller mills, but we cannot put double the weight on double the length. Should think that changing the beams by moving the machinery there would be danger of straining more. Think that it would have been better to have had the pintos and the pillars turned and united together. Don't think that deficiencies in the pillars could have been known except by examination, unless it appeared on the outside. Had no reason for a prohibition because of the short timbers. I think that if one of these pillars had broken so as to have come down, it would have brought all about it to the lower floor. Taking at least two beams after the first pillar had broken, the others would break easier. I have examined the ruins, but have seen no evidence of the sinking of the foundation; think that there was the giving way of a column where the machinery was moved; I make up this opinion from remarks which I heard made when the mill was examined, and from talk I had with a person in the mill; I never repaired any floor by reason of settling; should not think that boring any hole in the floor, to put in a bar to get a bearing to move the machinery, would have weakened the mill.

To a Juror—I think the weight of the fly frames has been stated here too low; I should think they would weigh over thirty hundred pounds apiece, but

this is a mere estimate from a close calculation; the crack in the corner of the wall much weakened the mill, as the crack was in the corner, and the corner is the strongest part of a building; this mill had but very little vibration, less than other mills. But this is not a proof of safety or test of strength; the mill had a flat roof and was very wide, so there was no chance to vibrate; a peaked roof, however, would have been no improvement, as the walls were too wide apart to have such a roof put on.

The Inquest was resumed on Wednesday, the 18th inst., when the most important witness examined was the architect of the mills.

Charles H. Bigelow sworn.—He studied at West Point; held the rank of Captain in the United States army and had charge of Fort Independence and the construction of the works there; left the army for private reasons and established himself as Civil Engineer in 1846; built the Atlantic mill and machine shop, Duck mill, Pacific mill and Pemberton mill. The nature of the arrangement between the Essex Company and the Pemberton Company was such as to leave the parties free, so that the Pemberton Company could make contracts and employ forces, and we were glad to have them do it; they did so in repeated instances, such as making a contract for the glass, for all the shafting and gearing of the mill, for the iron columns, and to add forces in the carpentering and other departments of the works; gave the immediate charge of the works to Mr. B. Coolidge; the contractors were Mr. W. Sullivan, for the earthwork, Messrs. Knowles and Dodge, for the carpentering and woodwork, and Messrs. Tuttle & Co., for the masonwork. He considered the nature of the soil good and the foundation solid and sufficient; the thickness of the walls was amply sufficient to bear any vertical pressure which could be brought upon them in this mill; the woodwork was very good. The floors were constructed with beams; each beam was made of two posts varying a little from sixteen inches in depth, and making them when put in, sixteen inches square or thereabouts; the timber was very good, and no objection that I am aware of was ever made when the mill was built; they were put together in the best manner by Messrs. Dodge and Knowles; the spans which these beams were to go over were such that they might spring by machinery, and a system of iron rods was adopted; they were put under them, making perfectly right, as they always were; it was because they were weak, but to make them unsparingly stiff; the same system is adopted in railroad cars; this is the iron that has been said to have been brought in to strengthen the walls; there was no other iron brought in for that purpose; the rigidity of these beams has always been maintained, so that the shafting always ran with perfection, or as near perfection as is ever obtained in any mill; the beams were anchored into the wall at the side; the iron rods were turned up at the ends, and went within four inches of the wall, and up into the bricks some distance; those anchored were so thoroughly imbedded in the brick as to pull the walls down, if the floors gave way, before they would draw out; the chimney was intended to rise only a few feet above the roof, as that of the Duck Mill now is, but Mr. Putnam, for some reason, wanted it built higher; he asked whether I thought it would bear it, and I told him I thought it would; we should have spread the chimney more at the base; had we supposed it would have been built so high; we put it up to its present height, and, as all chimneys do, it vibrated with high winds and caused a crack; when the Atlantic chimney was built I applied an instrument to the top, and distinctly saw it wave in a high wind; I supposed it might crack; we always avoid cracks, but I apprehended no danger; the chimney and the part of the building cracked are now standing. The plan of the pillars did not come from my suggestion, I having always used another kind; I decided that the pillars would bear any vertical pressure that would be brought upon them, and so informed Mr. Putnam; my own plan was for the caps instead of the pinto, but I made up my mind that these would bear the weight put upon them; the theory of scientific books and the practice in other mills show that an ample and enormous margin of security was left in the use of these pillars; this margin of security was to avoid the inaccuracies of casting or any errors that might occur; they were made tenfold stronger than was required, according to the calculations; to estimate the weight which they held; I have no doubt that they were bought in absolute good faith by Mr. Putnam; the only error that I can see is in buying them at so much per column instead of so much per pound; in regard to testing these pillars, we accidentally let one fall and it broke; Mr. Coolidge saw it and reported to me; we made all the noise about it we could; what I said to Mr. Putnam I do not remember; the only test usually applied to castings is to find them externally perfect; if a set of sound castings were tested with a sledge it might have produced blind cracks, which would not have been visible, but which would have been dangerous to the mill.

Elbridge Goody testified, he had been a founder thirty-eight years; had examined the pillars of the Pemberton mill; the iron appeared good, the casting very bad; could have discovered the imperfection in such as the one exhibited and would have broken it up; witness cast the pillars for the Atlantic Mill, they were tested by pounding with a sledge; it took two men half an hour to test six or eight pillars; the Atlantic pillars were seven inches in diameter in the lower story, and thicker than in the Pemberton; each pillar in the Atlantic weighed nine hundred pounds; in testing pillars, we struck them hard enough to break a defective one, but not to injure a strong one; we made pillars for the Bay State Mills; the pintos were stronger than these and the flange twice as thick; consider this pinto no reliable support; I always avoid square shoulders at the head of a pinto like this; should think the core not properly secured in the middle of these pillars before casting; knew Albert Fuller of the Eagle Iron Works, where these were cast; he was always underbidding others; told him they were making pillars too cheap; they used to fail every year, but Fuller was always a freeman; a movement of machinery would not cause a blind crack; it would be noticed immediately; have heard that the Pemberton Mill was weak, but heard no allusion to the ironwork.

Mr. J. C. Hoadley, formerly superintendent of the machine shop and foundry, thought that there was no circumstance which pointed to the defects in the iron pillars as the cause of the accident. The mill was a model in the eyes of all experienced persons for the perfection with which it ran for six years.

In our next issue we shall in all probability be able to give the result of this important inquest. All the testimony when sifted leads to the same conclusion, that the mill was put up recklessly, that economy was the great aim, so that it afforded possible safety to the building. The safety of human life divided into nothing in comparison with the fascinating prospect of fat dividends.

Let the jury do their duty fearlessly. Much depends upon their honesty and independence, and the public will assuredly hold them responsible for their acts.

A SKETCH OF THE CITY OF LAWRENCE.

Lawrence is a city, and one of the capitals of Essex county, Massachusetts, on both sides of the Merrimack river, twenty miles north of Boston, and ten miles by road, and thirteen by railroad north-east by east of Lowell. It also has railroad communication with Salem, twenty-six miles, and with Manchester and Concord, New Hampshire, the former twenty-six and the latter forty miles. This is one of those wonderful creations of the manufacturing enterprise of New England, under the influence of which, a tract, almost without inhabitants, is suddenly converted into a populous city.

In 1845, the Essex Company constructed a dam across the Merrimack river at this place, by which a fall of twenty-eight feet in the entire volume of the river has been obtained. The work cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A canal more than a mile long, and one hundred feet wide at the head, sixty feet at the foot, and fourteen feet deep in the centre, conducts the water from the dam to the different mills.

The town is laid out on both sides of the Spicket river, but chiefly west of the Spicket and east of the Merrimack, the streets running mostly at right angles with each other, dividing the city into squares.

The town of Lawrence was incorporated in 1845, and it continued a town about eight years, when the amount of its population having reached that prescribed by the laws of Massachusetts for a city organization (12,000), a city charter was granted and accepted in 1853 and the Hon. Charles S. Storrow was chosen the first Mayor. The city was named in honor of the Lawrence family of Boston, and has now (1854) a population of nearly fifteen thousand.

MISS OLIVE BRIDGES.

We transfer with pleasure to our columns the portrait of Miss Olive Bridges, a young lady whose conduct at the Lawrence catastrophe, displaying a heart brave in danger and tender in affliction, has won for her the respect and esteem of every one. It will be remembered that at the moment of the falling of the mill she was on the fifth story. She had but a moment for consideration, but her gallant spirit scorned to die without an effort for life, and in that moment she rushed towards the "lift" hatchway, and, seizing the chain, descended by it with the rapidity of lightning, and escaped from the falling ruins unharmed. She did not sink with terror at her miraculous escape, but, casting behind her all womanly nervousness, she sought out the hospital where her companions were groaning or dying in agony, and like a ministering angel—our Florence Nightingale—tended them in their extremity with a tenderness and gentleness which could only spring from a nature full of the richest and warmest sympathies.

Miss Bridges is no vulgar heroine of an every-day romance, but her name will be long remembered as one whose heart was equally

great in the moment of danger as in the hour of trouble and affliction.

D. SAUNDERS, JR., MAYOR OF LAWRENCE, MASS.

In our columns to-day will be found a correct portrait of D. Saunders, Jr., Esq., Mayor of Lawrence, whose conduct during the terrible excitement of the past week at Lawrence, Mass., has been the subject of much praise in every quarter. From the first moment when the news of the frightful catastrophe reached him he has never rested in his endeavors to assist the wretched sufferers of one of the most appalling calamities of the age. Night and day he is to be found at his post, overseeing everything and sighting no labor which may tend to ameliorate the condition of the suffering victims, or aid or comfort the hundreds of bereaved mourners. By his energetic action and strong representations, contributions are pouring in from all quarters, so that for the present, at least, want will not be added to the miseries of the sufferers. Mr. Saunders has proved himself an able public officer, and a truly humane man.

MR. O. A. BURRIDGE, NO. 4 ENGINE, OF LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Times of trouble and danger bring the noble spirits to the surface, and no matter what the emergency there will surely be found some one equal to it. There have been a hundred unrecorded heroes round the ruins of the Pemberton Mill, whose acts of daring have rarely been excelled. One whose name has reached us—O. A. Burridge, of Engine No. 4—has won the admiration and esteem of all for his chivalrous gallantry and delicacy. He was among the first to reach the scene of slaughter, and succeeded by superhuman efforts in rescuing a young girl from a position of imminent danger. Her terrible struggles to escape had literally torn every article of clothing off her body. Mr. Burridge, with that delicate sentiment towards woman which is an attribute of the brave, drew off his large overcoat, and wrapping it quickly around her, carried her tenderly to a place of safety.

All honor be to him and to her also, for in that moment of shame and terror she begged him to leave her and return to save the other sufferers.

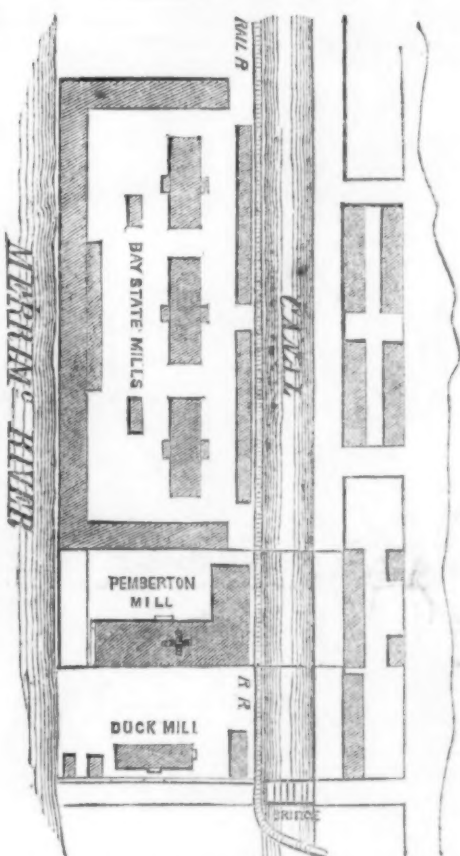


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE GROUND PLAN OF THE MILLS OF LAWRENCE, MASS.—THE BAY STATE MILL, DUCK MILL AND PEMBERTON MILL.

INCIDENTS OF THE FEARFUL CATASTROPHE AT LAWRENCE, MASS.

Fortunate Escape of Three Young Girls.

Before the terrible fire burst forth three young girls were observed in the wash-room on the fifth story. The excitement to rescue them became intense. A thousand plans were suggested, none of which were practicable, until some daring fellows, placing ladders upon a fallen roof, were enabled to reach them, and one by one brought them out of their perilous position in safety.

The Dead from the Ruins.

The appearance of the mangled and charred bodies taken from the ruins was a spectacle horrible to behold. An irrepressible murmur of horror and sympathy burst from the assembled hundreds, as victim after victim was dug from the place of massacre and carried to the hall of the dead. Pen cannot describe the gloom, sorrowing and despairing agony which afflict every quarter of the city. It is as though some fearful plague were in our midst dealing death and desolation around.

A Man Saved by the Superhuman Strength given by Despair.

Probably one of the most extraordinary escapes during the whole of the fearful catastrophe at the falling of the Pemberton Mills, was that of a man who, when discovered, was firmly wedged between some heavy beams. His legs were held as though grasped by a vice. Strenuous efforts were made to release him, but the fire became so intense as to cause these endeavors to assist him to move off. "For God's sake," he cried, "kill me before you leave me." He seized hold of the nearest man round the body with the energy of despair, and both men making desperate efforts, he was pulled clear out and escaped from the impending death.

A Poor Girl Abandoned Unwillingly to the Flames.

A poor girl was found lying with a heavy beam across her bosom. One brave man passed her cotton to put under her head, and made the greatest exertions to relieve her; got assistance in short, did everything in his power to rescue her, but the fire surrounded him until his clothes were nearly burnt off, when, in spite of her most heartrending cries, he was compelled to abandon her to the flames.

The City Hall.

The City Hall was made the depository of the wounded, the dying and the dead. It was turned into both a hospital and a tomb. Phy-

sicians in the city and from abroad kindly volunteered their services, and rendered the unfortunate victims of the calamity as comfortable as human skill could achieve. The scenes here were agonizing beyond description. Stretched upon a mattress in one part of the hall was some poor mortal in the last agonies of death, his countenance blackened with smoke, with broken limbs, burned garments, and giving utterance to piercing groans. In another place was a woman with fractured limbs, a broken head and with body mutilated in the most shocking manner. At one time there were twenty-eight men and women thus lying in the most exquisite torture. Some were heroic even in death, exhibiting the most unflinching courage while surgical operations of the most painful nature were performed, in the vain hope that waning life might be restored. Others, entirely conscious that they were counting their last sands of life, were resigned, and displayed a repose and valor almost sublime. Of this noble stamp were two or three women.

The Room Containing Seventeen Dead Bodies.

In a room adjoining the large hall, seventeen dead bodies lay stretched upon the floor. Their livid, blackened and blistered faces presented a picture of unutterable horror. The hospital of Scutari, nor the bloody field of Solferino, could have exhibited a more frightful scene. Bending over several of the lifeless forms were their female relatives, bemoaning their loss with a low wailing, which melted the stoutest hearts.

The Ruins—Derricks Raised to Remove the Looms and Timber.

The scene at the ruins continues to be one of mournful interest. Crowds collect as near the spot as the vigilance of the police will permit, watching the operations of the workmen, whose main object appears to be to extricate the machines first. Derricks have been rigged, and many of the looms have been hoisted out in a condition that does not preclude repair. All the iron-work and machinery is first collected, and deposited at a distance, and then the timbers and mason-work rubbish are removed. The spades of the workmen often turn up quantities of human bones, burned to a crisp—all that remains of the unfortunate victims.

Carrying the Bodies to the City Hall, the Temporary Hospital.

At intervals during each day may be seen a melancholy procession, bearing the blackened remains of some poor victim just dug up from the smouldering ruins of the Pemberton Mills, carefully wrapped up in a sheet. The solemnity of the occasion is painfully visible in every face, and the deepest sympathy is expressed for the sorrowing mourners as they follow the remains of those they loved and so untimely lost.

THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, MASS.

Explanation of the Figures of Reference, page 136.

- No. 1. Machine Shops and Carpet Mill.
- No. 2. The Pemberton Mills, now a mass of ruins.
- No. 3. The Duck Mills.
- No. 4. The Foundry.
- No. 5. The Bay State Mills.

KNIGHTRIDERS;

OR,

THE HAUNTED MANOR.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CAVES IN THE PASS.

THERE was an impression on the mind of Walter Reve, as he left Deep Hollow on that, to him, most important evening, that he was not only about to encounter some danger, but that the events that were about to occur were such as would exercise a powerful influence, for good or for evil, on his future life.

Nothing had given him more gratification, apart from his love for Anna, and all that in any way concerned her, which, of course, formed the specialty of his existence, than the idea that, after all, he would be found not to be the brother of Abel. There was so much so totally at variance in their characters, that it was only the presumed strong tie of brotherly affinity that had ever reconciled Walter to the companionship he had held with him. But now that the doubt was once instilled into his mind, he felt rejoiced that such might not be the case, and that he should be released from the painful reflection that he had so black a criminal for so near a connection.

Who, then, and what was he, if not one of the sons of the late Baron Templemore of Knightriders? Was he higher or lower in the social scale—and was Abel himself a son of that licentious man? or was he surreptitiously only invested with the name?

These were thoughts and suggestions that haunted Walter with more or less anxiety and perseverance, as he made his way towards the corner of the lane where he had been requested to meet with Captain Edgeworth.

The terrible proposition that had been put by the old gipsy, Mirza, to Anna, that Walter was her brother, would no doubt have sat heavily upon his soul; but Anna, from the moment that she had seen reason to cast so dreadful an idea from her own mind, had resolved not to harass his with it, so that that shaft, which Mirza no doubt thought would rankle in their bosoms, missed its aim.

The night was an unusually dark one. The moon was about half its course, but would not rise for at least four hours, so that the heavy masses of clouds that had come up from the south-west at the close of the day had the atmosphere all to themselves, and spread their dim shadows over the face of the earth, unrelieved by any reflection from the satellite, which, however it may be apparently hidden, will still, while above the horizon, exert its influence on the character of the night.

The distance was about a mile and a half that Walter had to go, and he was soon in the deep shadows of the tall hedgerow which marked the place of destination.

The wind was sighing among the majestic row of poplars close at hand, and more than once Walter thought he felt on his cheek the first indications of a small insect-like rain coming on.

The death-like stillness of the spot was painful, for the sound of the elements only serve to make silence caused by the absence of human life the more conspicuous, and Walter was about to stroll onwards into the high road, when a voice from the meadow on the other side of the hedge startled him by saying, "If I mistake not, that is Mr. Walter Reve?"

The voice was that of Captain Edgeworth, and Walter immediately answered in the affirmative.

"I will meet you at the corner of the lane," said the captain; "I cannot get through the hedge here, so I will walk on to the gate."

A few moments, and by walking parallel to each other—the one in the lane and the other in the meadow, with the tall hedge between them—they were together.

"Captain Edgeworth," said Walter, "I am not only well pleased to see you, but feel specially the obligations you have laid me under by permitting me to become a companion of your expedition to-night!"

"Mr. Walter," replied the captain, "the obligation is all the other way, for I wanted some one with me who, from personal interest in what was going on, would do more than a mere constable; and, besides, I feel, and it has the whole of this day been a very uneasy feeling to me, that I owed you much reparation for my suspicions of you."

"On that head, now that those suspicions are dissipated, not another word must be said."

"You are very generous to say so. But I must add that I am deeply grieved that I gave you one-half the trouble I did."

"Appearances were against me, captain."

"Well, well, perhaps they were; and now that we understand each other on that head, I will tell you what I have in view to-night. When the gipsies broke up their encampment, I saw that they took good care to leave behind them the old hag, Mirza, and Abel, your brother."

"I hope not my brother!"

"I, too, hope not, with all my heart. But they were left behind. Abel has found some means of temporary hiding; and that is well known to Mirza, who have so well watched, that I—well, Mr. Walter, I will say aside all professional etiquette with you. I will not say from information I have received, or pretend to know, or to have found out, more than I really have. I have had an efficient assistant, from whom I have heard what I know, and here he is."

Captain Edgeworth blew twice upon the small silver whistle he always carried with him, and then there was a rustling sound among some bushes close at hand, and some one leaped into the roadway.

"Here, sir," said a voice.

"That's right, Joseph."

"Joseph!" said Walter Reve. "Why, you do not mean to say that this is my friend, Joseph, of Deep Hollow?"

"Yes," said the captain. "I saw the lad's ability and capacity, and for some time now I have retained him in my service. He is most expert at making discoveries, and has been among the gipsies, I expect, to some purpose. Now, Joseph, what have you to tell me?"

"A good deal, sir. Mirza, after dodging and hiding about all the evening, has gone to the caves in the pass yonder, and two of the gipsies have been leading a horse, by all the by-roads they could think of, in the same direction."

"Then Abel is there?"

"No doubt of that, sir. He is in among all the old caves; and if you and Mr. Walter like to come with me, and don't mind a little crawl and scramble in an underground place, I can take you in."

"What say you, Mr. Walter?"

"With all my heart."

"Then, Joseph, you will go to Simmons and Parker, who are on the hill side, and tell them rather to close in upon the pass with their men. We will wait for you here."

Joseph was off in a moment.

"Is it possible, captain," said Walter, "that this boy is a mere spy of the police, and that the affecting tale he told me of his residence in London, and the cautions of his leaving it, were false?"

"By no means. It is since he came to Deep Hollow that I made his acquaintance, and I think it was his affection for you and his hope to do you a service, which made him listen to my proposals. Of course, we of the police have but one object, and that is to detect crime. We don't care how that is done, so that we do it. You may call that police morality if you like; but artifice and subtlety, when used for criminal purposes, must just be met by the same weapons, in order to unmask it. But here comes Joseph again."

"All right, captain," said the boy.

"Then lead on."

Joseph scrambled through a gap in the hedge, and Captain Edgeworth and Walter followed. In silence they crept along under the deep shadows of the hedge row, which, while it certainly made their route much longer, by compelling them to take two sides of a field instead of going diagonally across it, still had the main effect of effectually concealing their figures as they proceeded towards the romantic pass by Ferry's End.

"Captain," whispered Walter, "will you pause a moment, while I tell you what I should have told you at once; but I am really so bewildered by the events of the last two days that the most important circumstances escape me. The body of Mr. Miller has been stolen from Deep Hollow Farm."

"Ah!"

"Yes. It has most mysteriously disappeared, no one knows where; and my impression is that the agents of Abel have carried it away to avoid the inquest which was pending."

"Hush!" said Joseph. "Too near now to go on speaking. Sloop low down, if you please, and follow me."

They had reached a piece of ground that seemed to be very much torn and broken up, and a few wild-looking trees, growing in all sorts of slant positions, cast deep shadows over it. Deep hollows were in this place in which rank grass grew unheeded, except now and then, by wandering sheep or goats kept by the peasantry of the district; and here and there one of the huge, misshapen rocks that ages since had been upheaved on that spot, obstructed the way entirely, and had to be carefully walked round in the kind of hollow it had made for itself. Then there was a rapid descent of about a hundred feet, which was rather perilous, and, in some cases, fraught with disagreeables in the shape of long, clinging branches of the bramble being armed with innumerable spikes.

"Stop!" whispered Joseph.

They both paused, and against the black sky they could just see rising up before them, a little blacker, the irregular-shaped masses of rock and sandhill, with trees and bushes, that formed a portion of the disturbed strata of the debris.

Joseph then spoke in so low and light a whisper that it was only by bending their heads very low indeed that they could hear him.

"There's a sort of a rift in the hill side here. I found it out by seeing a fox go in, and then I found that it led over so far away to the caves near Ferry's End; so I stopped it up with some stones and some brambles and grass, and so on, till no one who did not know where to look for it could find it. But as I do know, why, here it is."

"Who's there?" said a deep, guttural kind of voice, from a considerable height above the heads of our little party; "who's there? Is it you, Ranson? Speak at once, boy?"

Walter and Captain Edgeworth were profoundly still, and then they heard a low, half-whispering, hoarse voice close to them, which was so exactly what was made by a brood of young owls, that they could neither of them, if they had not had good reason to believe that it was an imitation by Joseph, have thought the sounds other than natural.

"Owls!" said the voice from above. "Ah, I saw them there!"

"So did I," whispered Joseph in the ear of Walter. "That's a gip—"

All was still now, and whatever other sounds might have reached the ears of the gipsy, who was evidently on guard above, were soon effectually drowned and hidden down by a thick, perpendicular rain that began to fall, and was exceedingly grateful and refreshing to the senses.

"Now," added Joseph, "follow me, and stoop low."

Another moment, and they were creeping after the boy through the fissure in the rocks he had spoken of, and then, after proceeding for a short distance in a stooping posture, he spoke again.

"It can't be helped," he said; "but you must crawl through this narrow hole. It is not long, and you will then be in one of the proper caves."

"But," said Captain Edgeworth, "this place is the very genius of darkness. What narrow hole do you mean?"

Crack went a match, and Joseph held up the light so obtained, and for the half minute it lasted they saw the place they were in, which was a cavernous kind of recess, of yellow sandstone, on the floor of which was a heap of bones, of some animals possibly now no longer inhabitants of that portion of the globe, and immediately in front of them was a yawning, black opening, at that Joseph pointed to, saying, "That's the way."

"Not very inviting," said Captain Edgeworth.

Out went the wax match.

"Come on," said Joseph.

It was evident, from the odd, muffled sound of his voice, that he had commenced his progress through the opening in the rock, so they had no choice but to follow him at once, or to give up the enterprise, which, as they had no idea of doing, they never once thought of; and Captain Edgeworth, closely followed by Walter, crawled after Joseph.

It was well, indeed, that the narrow passage, lying as it did some hundred and fifty feet beneath the rocky mass that formed the side of the pass, was short in length, for the atmosphere within it was thin and sickly, and stagnant. It was a great relief when Joseph said, in one of his faint, small whispers, which were distinct, and yet could not have been heard two feet from where he uttered them, "All right—here we are!"

A gush of cool, pleasant air now blew in the faces of our friends, and they found that they were clear of the narrow passage. It was but for a moment that they could allow their thoughts to dwell on the place they were in, or on the place they had just left; and Captain Edgeworth was just going to say that they owed the welcome fresh air they felt to the fact that they now faced the south-west, from which the night wind blew, when both his attention and Walter's were wholly engrossed by hearing a wild screaming kind of voice, apparently close at hand, saying, "Yes, Abel, I will tell you all now. It is time—it is time! You shall indeed know all, if it kills you, or if it kills me!"

There could be no doubt on the minds of the listeners as to who that voice belonged to; it was that of Abel Fane; and that she was holding a conversation with Abel Reve was sufficiently apparent, as it was the unmistakable tones of Abel's voice that were heard next.

"You have deceived me, hag that you are!" he said. "Everything has gone wrong—you know that it has—and by the mismanagement of yourself and your accursed tribe! What is to be the end of all this now? I am all but identified as the highwayman of Ferry's End; and Walter, instead of being the victim and the scapegoat of the whole transaction, as he was to be, is at liberty, and adding, no doubt, in the hunt for me. How is it that a plan that looked so promising has all gone astray?"

"By your own act—by your own act, Abel! I tell you, you only are to blame. You were precipitate. It was not time; it was by far too soon, I tell you. You hurried on events before they were ripe. They who pluck green fruit will find it bitter to the taste!"

"And what now? What is to be done now?"

"Oh, Abel! Abel! I will tell you, child of my heart, what I would have you do now."

"Bah! tell me, without any of the sickly nonsense that did very well between the infant and its nurse, but is absurd now."

"I will tell you. Collect from Knightriders all the money that you have there hidden, and join me and the tribe in Spain. You will have enough to live the life of a grandee—you can purchase titles and honors at the most venal court in all the world, and you can still be the friend and protector of the 'people.'"

"And what, by all that's infernal, are the people, as you call your wandering vagabonds, to me?"

"I will tell you, Abel—I will tell you! Have I not said that you shall now know all? You need not be told that I was the nurse of your childhood and of the childhood of Walter. The old Lord of Knightriders had two sons; those two sons I was, as I say, nurse to. He was a hard, cold-hearted man, but he paid a price for the children that to me was life itself, for I was then an alien to my tribe—a disinherited succession having made me so."

"I know all that. Go on."

"Well, Abel, you know that there was a report that both the children of Lord Templemore—that is, the late one—were drowned in the Severn by the upsetting of a boat, and he sent down to me a person to inquire into the truth of the report, for he was willing enough to believe it, as he had already, by his many cruelties and oppressions, worn his wife to the grave; but that person found two children with me, and I looked with surprise at the statement he said he had heard, and he went away satisfied," continued Mirza.

"Well, well! One was drowned, and one was not. You stole a child to make up for the drowned one, and that child you so stole is Walter, who was useful to you while you wanted the stipend from my father for his keep, which far exceeded the cost; and who was to have been useful to me in the end, in so far as taking my crimes to his own shoulders, and suffering for them, would have put an end to all research on the subject. There, that is the whole story!"

"Oh, no, no! Not quite, Abel—not quite!"

"What more, then?"

"Walter was the child of a poor widow. He had a sister, too, who grew up to be so very beautiful that she caught the attention of the present Lord Templemore, and he married her. He would have not have done so, but she was not one who would be his on other conditions, and she became his wife. It was but two years after the wedding with him that he proclaimed she had fled from him; and then he said he had heard of her death abroad, and no more was known of her."

"And she was the sister of Walter Lancesfield, who has all along supposed himself my brother?"

"Yes."

"Why, by Jove, then, we are related by marriage, as his sister married my uncle, Lord Templemore!"

"No, Abel—oh, no! You see I am deeply touched—you hear my sob, Abel—you see my tears! My dear Abel, you have yet a something to know—something to learn, which, although it may bring your proud heart for a moment, should not lastingly pain it. You have asked what the 'people' are to you? Oh, Abel!—with all my power—with all my domination—I feel now that I am human—that I am but a woman! Abel! Abel!"

She was evidently clinging to him, for the next words he uttered were, "Hands off! What is the meaning of all this folly? Why do you hold on to me with such a clutch?"

"Abel, I am going to tell you. The words linger on my lips, but you shall know."

"What—what?"

"Both the children were drowned!"

"Both? Then—then—"

"You, too, are a supposititious child; but I did not steal you! You wrong no fond parent's heart by disappearing from her eyes and arms; for, Abel—my Abel! my boy—my child! you are my own son!"

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CONCLUSION.

THERE was an awful stillness for a moment or two, and then it was a yell more like a cry from a wild beast than any sound one could suppose would come from mortal lips, that announced Abel's appreciation of the piece of intelligence that had thus so unexpectedly come upon him. And now Mirza, in screaming accents, spoke to him, and it was evident that she was wrestling with him to hold him fast, while he was striving to tear himself from her.

"Abel, my son—my own boy! Flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood! Oh, heaven have mercy now! Your mother—your own mother! Have I not tended you and slaved for you—prayed for you—loved you—sinned for you, and adored you? Abel, my child—my own beautiful boy! Oh, no, not that. Do not strike me! Have mercy on me—on yourself. Your own mother! God sees us both now, and his angels crowd about us. Abel, do not. Oh, this is death—death!"

A horrible impression burst from the lips of Abel, and a heavy fall was heard in the cavern.

"I can stand this no longer," said Walter, aloud, and the sentiment was echoed by Captain Edgeworth as they both rushed forward in the direction of a thin pencil of light, and taking a sudden turn, as a broader ray guided them, found themselves at once in a wide cavern, which was lit by an open lantern on a table, and on the floor of which lay Mirza, with blood trickling from her forehead.

"She is killed!" said Walter.

"The heartless villain!" exclaimed Captain Edgeworth. "And he has fled, too. Ah, that is well."

A man had come hastily into the cavern, and the chief constable had sprung upon him and secured him before he could have time to give any alarm or to defend himself.

"Let me go," he said, "and I will tell all."

"Stop a bit! There you can lie securely for the present. I see you are a gipsy."

"There are only two of us left behind. One is on the hill-top by the rocks. Let me go and you shall take him. I can call him in a way that will bring him here!"

"That you can do if you like, and then I shall have two of you, that is all," said Captain Edgeworth.

The gipsy said no more, but looked with a savage scowl upon the chief constable, who had now, with Walter's assistance, seized Mirza and placed her on a rude sort of couch that was in the cavern. She sighed deeply, and pronounced the name of Abel.

"He is gone!" said Captain Edgeworth. "The bad son has gone, and it will be well for you if you never look upon his face again!"

The gipsy woman opened her still bright a piercing eyes, and looked in the face of Captain Edgeworth and then at Walter, who, perceiving her regards fixed on him, said kindly, "Mirza, I now begin to have a dim recollection of you, but you must have tended only my very earliest infancy."

"Yes, that was all. I sent you away to your father soon, for I could not bear you with me, as my own son was all my care."

"My father?"

"Him whom I called your father—the Lord Templemore! Abel, Abel—where is Abel? Is my heart breaking? Is this agony that I feel, my heart breaking? God help me!"

"He will help you," said Walter; "and others will be his instruments to help you. I will see that your life is one of comfort; and I beg, Captain Edgeworth, that for the sake of what she is now suffering, you will not attempt to implicate her in any way. Cheer up, Mirza, and all may yet be well for you. Will you tell me what became of my own real mother?"

"Dead, dead! A broken heart!"

"And this sister, who you said married Lord Templemore?"

"I know not, I know not! Abel, Abel, my son! It struck me. This blood upon my face is of his shedding! Oh, it is too horrible! Does God know it? Has God seen it?"

There was something very terrible in the manner in which she uttered these words; and then she burst into tears, and slipped in a crouching attitude from the couch to the floor. They heard her say, "Oh, forgive him! Heaven in its mercy, forgive him yet!"

Then the sobbing ceased, and Captain Edgeworth spoke to her and raised her up gently.

"Good heavens!" he said; "she is dead!"

"Then let me go, and I will tell all!" cried the gipsy. "Abel Reve is now at Knightriders! He has flown there for refuge, and there you will find him! There is another thing I can tell you, too, Mr. Walter, which can whom you love will be glad to hear! We were ordered by Abel to take away and bury the dead body of Mr. Miller, and we did take it away, but there was life in it, and he is now, although weak and faint, alive!"

"Oh, where? where?"

"My liberty!"

"Captain Edgeworth," said Walter, imploringly; "when human life, and such a life, is at stake, let me beg of you—"

"Hush! hush! You know me well, gipsy though you be. Now, if you will say honestly where we may find Mr. Miller, I will let you free; but if I find you have spoken falsely, I will hunt you down, if it cost me five hundred pounds to do so."

"I will be true. In one of the upper rooms at Knightriders you will find him."

Captain Edgeworth took off the manacles from the gipsy, and said, "Go!" In another moment he had bounded out of the cave, and was lost in the night gloom. Then Captain Edgeworth and Walter sought the open air, and the captain blew his silver whistle freely. Several of the constables gathered about him in a few moments.

"Surround Knightriders now," he said, "with such a cordon, with lights, that no one can leave it. Let six men come with me, well armed."

These orders were executed, and in the darkness of that autumn night it was curious to see the circle of gleaming flambeaux around Knightriders. The captain and Walter, with the six constables, went into the old mansion, after Walter had whispered to Joseph to go to Deep Hollow and tell Anna that all was well, and that she might prepare her mind for more happiness than she thought the world had to offer her, even in his love; but he cautioned the boy not to say more.

And now we might linger over the search at Knightriders, but refrain from doing so, as our tale, with all its varied and strange incidents, is virtually over. Farmer Miller was found in that little dressing-room where Joseph had run such risk of death at the hands of Abel, and, as the gipsy had said, life was still in him; for although the wound he had received was dangerous, yet the apparent death that had come over him in the meadow was but a deep and death-looking swoon. It was with tears of joy that Walter clasped the hand once again of the honest father of his darling Anna.

And now let one month pass away, and John Miller is as well as ever again, and there is great happiness at Deep Hollow; for it is the wedding-day of Walter Lancesfield and Anna. Farmer Miller has commenced the rebuilding of Hollow Free Farm, and a happier throng than that assembled beneath the old elms of Deep Hollow that day, could not have been found in all England.

The search for Abel in Knightriders had been quite ineffectual. Anna would not be persuaded to go into the house, or she might have lit upon the secret door behind the statue, which would have cleared up the mystery, since it appeared that, in his despair and anxiety to find a hiding-place, Abel had done so; for when a very distant beg to the property, after some litigation with the Crown, which had claimed it, took possession and pulled down the mansion, the secret circular room was found, with three bodies in it—two sitting, wasted to skeletons, in chairs; and a third, lying on the floor with a pistol in his grasp, which was recognized by the clothing to be Abel Reve.

Joseph, as he attained sufficient age, went into Captain Edgeworth's constabulary force; and without any extraordinary rise of fortune from adventures caused—without being other than the son of honest and gentle people—Walter was happy as his boat could desire with his much-loved Anna.

And peace and security were upon the country side. The roads were safe at all hours and at all seasons, and the terrible word that had grown common in the mouths of young and old, "incendiarism," gradually faded away, and ceased to be uttered over the fertile meadows and lands of the old property of Knightriders.

THE END.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, after a full official investigation, has relieved the inhabitants of Marie-José of the imputation of having committed a cowardly and outrageous robbery upon the wrecked passengers of the steamer Indian.

The Course of True Love.—The Vincennes (Indiana) Gazette reports a distressing case: "A wedding between a fair daughter of 'Knox' and an Illinois gentleman was broken off very suddenly last week. The affair was pretty nearly completed, the guests assembled, the supper ready, the minister sent for the bride dressing, and the groom feverishly waiting, when the lady's brother arrived from Illinois in hot haste, with the agreeable intelligence that the groom wasn't what he ought to be, and accompanied the information with a request to that gentleman to leave at once, which he did. The party ate the supper, and the lady escaped a sad life possibly. So all were well pleased with the upshot of the affair."

CHARLES HEIDSIECK.

THE HEIDSIECK FAMILY.

It would seem, from the continued accession of European sportsmen to this country, that the forests of Great Britain and France presented too narrow a field for the adventurous sportsmen there. Snipe, plover, quail, woodcock and hare shooting, in particular deer-stalking, seem to have lost their charm. There are many reasons why it should be so, most of the game in Europe being kept in preserves; it is true these are of immense extent, and crowded with the finest species of the smaller game, yet the habit of feeding them by the keepers tends to tame them, and when their lordly owners are prepared to destroy them it is simply a general slaughter, unattended with that glorious excitement of surprises and dangers which accompany the pursuit of game in this country. Then another objection in Europe is the severe game laws, which prevent any but the privileged from enjoying the sport. We can imagine with what interest the true sportsmen across the water must peruse the romantic accounts of our backwoodsmen—the long marches through the deep forests—the encampments at night far away from civilization, when they form a circle around the blazing fire and recount the ventures of early life—the wondrous combats with bears and buffalo and sometimes with the red men. Then, when the sun has hardly risen and the dew still bathes the leaves and grass, the recital of morning tramps in search of the elk, the deer, the buffalo, the bear and other game of equal size. The varied scenery through heretofore untrod paths—the voyaging in canoes on rivers—the ascent of mountains, from whose peaks new worlds of beauty open to the view. All these things told by the returning traveller, and highly colored in numerous volumes, have awoken a feeling of interest in American sport.

Sir George Gore first visited us. His retinue was lordly. Horses and dogs to the number of a hundred accompanied him. He had twenty wagons and forty men, and guns, rifles and ammunition enough to destroy tons of game. His adventurous spirit led him onward as far as the Rocky Mountains, and for three years he continued the excitement of the chase. Then we had Lords Grosvenor and Conyngham, besides Mr. Grantley Berkeley; the latter made himself unpopular and ridiculous by his Cockney assumption.

Now we have a sportsman from France, the first of note from that country. It is no less a person than the celebrated Charles Heidsieck, from Rheims, the representative and successor of the great Heidsieck family, whose wines have become the most popular of any introduced into this country.

Charles Heidsieck is known in Rheims as one of the finest shots in France. His love of sport is almost a mania; all the time which he can spare during the dull season of the wine trade he devotes to sport. The French papers state that for days he would ramble off from his estates, and venture into the swamps, morasses and woods for hundreds of miles, in the hope of discovering new species of birds or animals to bring home as trophies. But the sport has become too tame for this adventurous spirit, and he has determined to



CHARLES HEIDSIECK, ESQ., ONLY DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT CHAMPAGNE FAMILY.

venture into regions where the excitement is spiced with a little danger. We have had the pleasure of examining some of the weapons which he has brought with him. More perfect specimens of the firearm we have never seen; they are marvels of beauty, strength, and, withal, so light, that the sportsman can never tire of their weight.

We believe Mr. Charles Heidsieck purposes taking an extended tour through the Southern States, Cuba, Florida, Texas, &c., when he will visit Minnesota, and afterwards ascend the Missouri river. Mr. Charles Heidsieck is young and agile, and we do not doubt will bear the fatigue as well as the backwoodsmen and trappers who

will accompany him. In this connection, and considering the celebrity of the family which he represents, we have taken the pains to collect a few facts connected by their history, which may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The great establishment of Heidsieck & Co. was founded and received its world-wide celebrity through the continued and energetic exertions of his father, Mr. Charles Heidsieck, his uncle, Mr. Christian Heidsieck, and Mr. Walbaum. During the existence of that firm, they not only brought the cultivation of the grape to the highest state of perfection, but, by repeated experiment, they were enabled to improve the quality of champagne to an extraordinary degree. The fame of Heidsieck soon spread all over Europe. It became the popular wine at Court, and so great eventually became the demand, that though new vineyards were purchased, though the vines bore more each successive year, yet it was impossible to supply the orders.

Thus did this firm continue to gain in wealth and reputation until 1834, when the male representatives of the Heidsieck family who were engaged in the business died. The laws of France requiring that any firm bearing a name must have a representative of that name in the firm, and there being none, with the exception of the present Charles Heidsieck, the son of one of the founders of the firm, who was under age, it followed, as a necessity, that from 1836 to 1845 there existed nowhere in the champagne trade a single person of the name of Heidsieck.

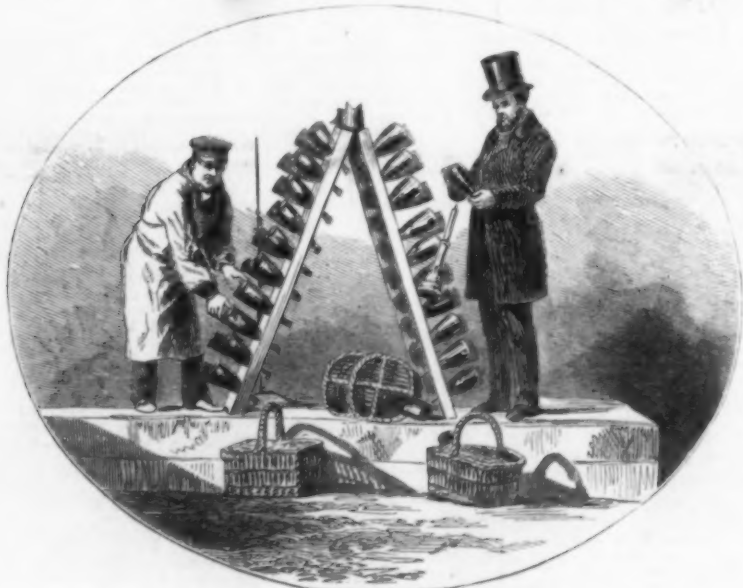
In 1846, a gentleman by the name of Piper invited Mr. Charles Heidsieck to join him in business, probably for the sake of continuing the name of Heidsieck, promising him a good position. The contract with Mr. Piper ceased in 1850, when Mr. Charles Heidsieck immediately continued the manufacture of wine, which his family had been engaged in for a generation.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Charles Heidsieck is now the only representative of the famous Heidsieck family—with the exception of a young man, who, until 1845, was engaged in a business entirely foreign to the wine trade. His estate is a perfect model, the vines are trimmed and tended with all the care of delicate exotics. It matters not what new wines may be introduced to the market, the world-wide fame of the Charles Heidsieck brand will maintain its position, even as the diamond does among precious stones.

A LETTER FROM VINE LAND.

Champagne—Good Champagne—Champagne as a royal wine—Charles Heidsieck Champagne—Raising Champagne grapes—The Champagne vintages—A little more Champagne!

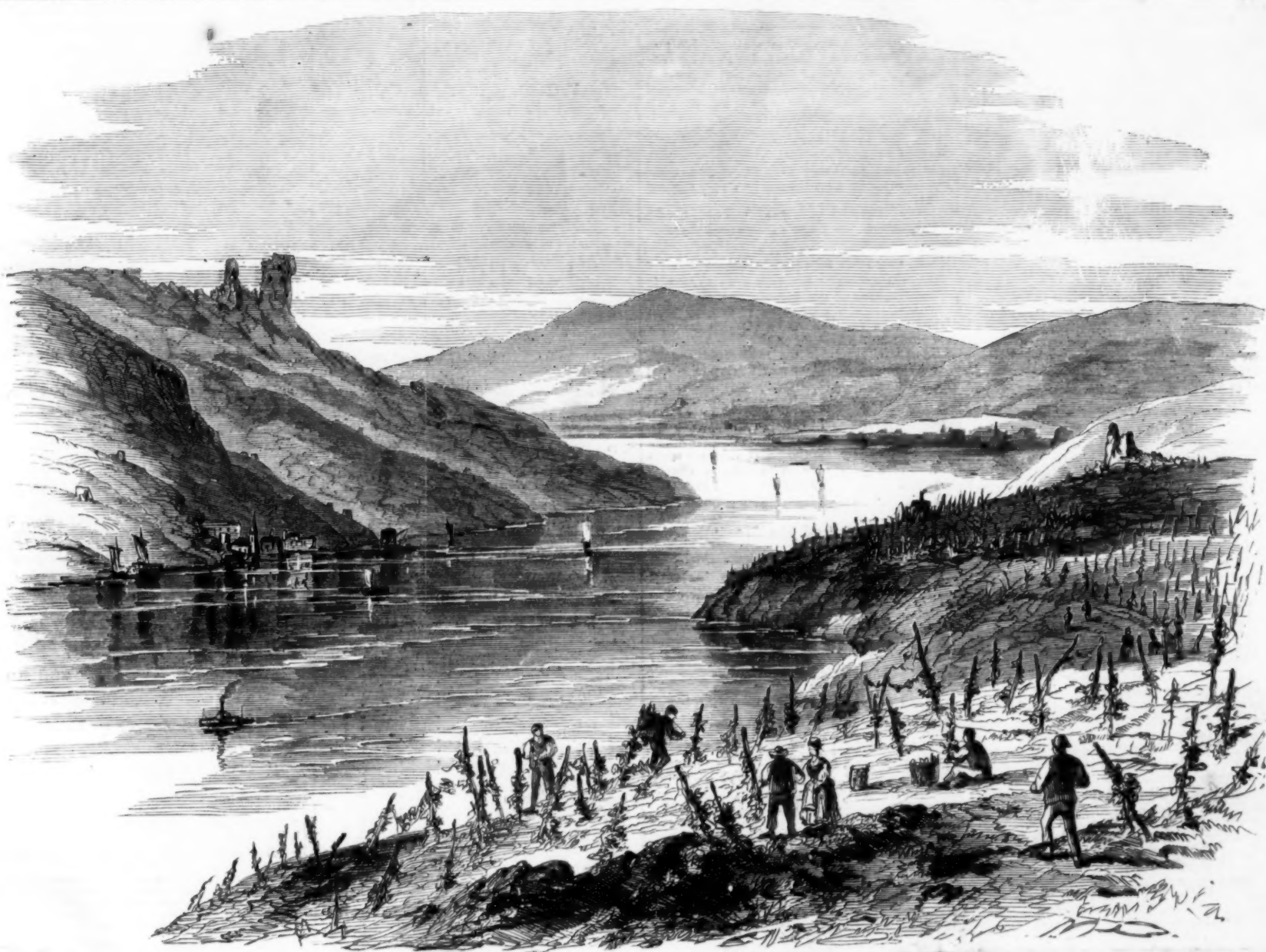
THERE are ladies and ladies, there is luck and luck, there is champagne and champagne; and as there can never be too much of a really good thing, I have deemed it not *malapropos*, after giving you the account of one champagne, to say something about another. A great moralist and lexicographer—*c'est la même chose*—once declared that he never had at one time as much fruit as he could eat.



RACKING CHAMPAGNE—CHARLES HEIDSIECK INSPECTING THE WINE.

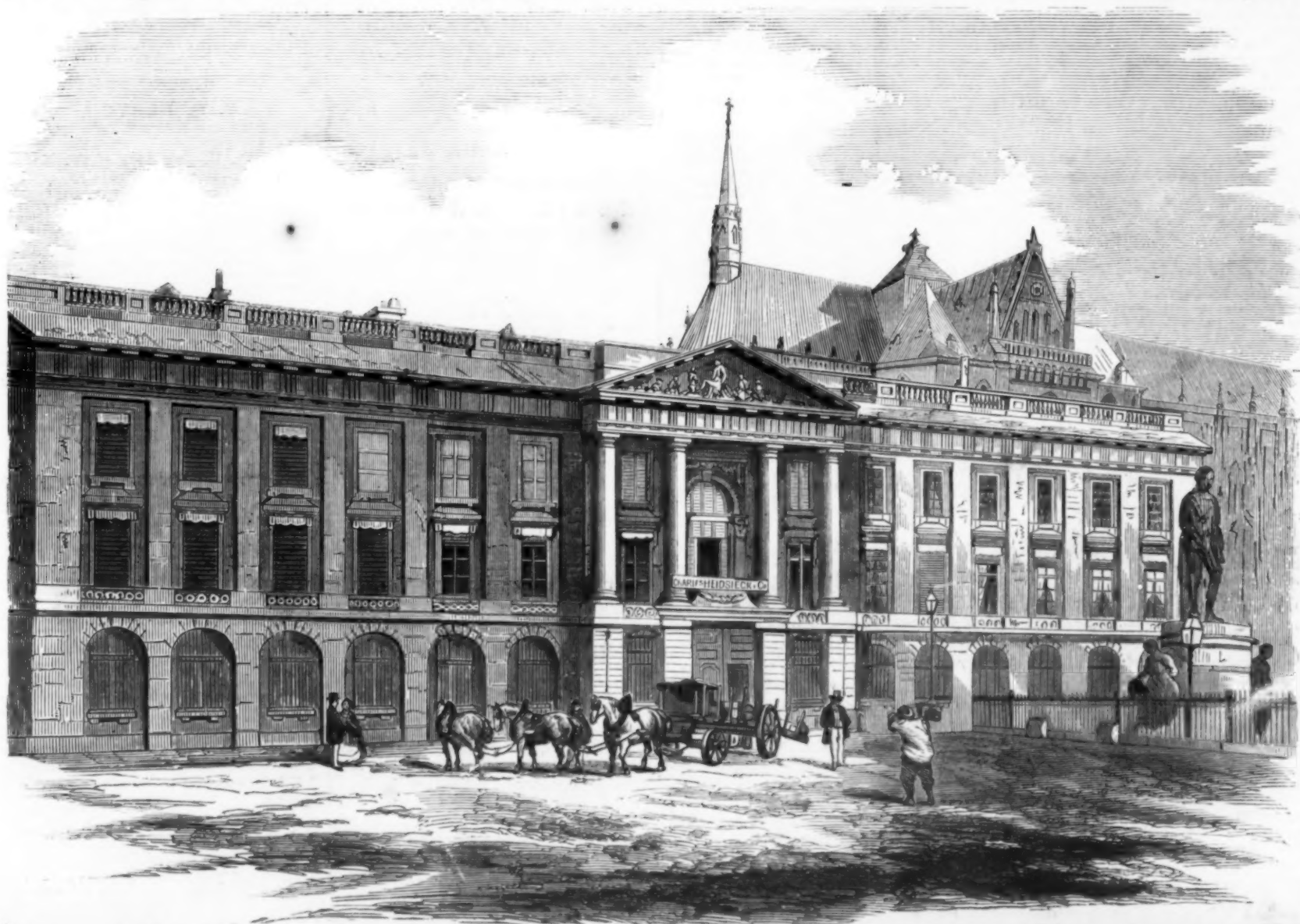


RACKING CHAMPAGNE IN PRESENCE OF CHARLES HEIDSIECK.



VIEW OF ONE OF THE VINEYARDS OWNED BY CHARLES HEIDSIECK.

In like manner I boldly declare that I never got enough of champagne, and am certain that my readers will say the same. If we drink our fill at dinner the thirst is not killed—it rises again to-morrow. It is an imperial succession of royal desires. “The king is dead. Long live the king!” Champagne is truly royal in another respect. The Byzantine Emperors of old must be born in one place, in the purple, and trained in one way; champagne can only grow in the “purple valleys” of the Marne, and of all wines it requires the most careful preparation.



THE HOUSE OF CHARLES HEIDSIECK AT REIMS.

All the champagne made, which really merits the title, comes from a district not more than thirty miles long, and from one to three broad. Through this flows the Marne, fringed by many beautiful streams, the whole valley being truly beautiful and worthy of being the cradle of

"The Queen of Wines wherever we roam,
The Venus which springs to life in foam,
The loveliest type of eternity,
In the wine-cup which emblems the endless sea."

But even in this wine paradise there are spots worthy of special mention, and among these I may specify the vineyards which grow the champagne sold by Charles Heidsieck. I have been there in my wine pilgrimage—for I, too, am a pilgrim, and visit such shrines with gentle, calm devotion. In these rich spots the slightest possible difference in soil, a different exposure, or very often causes which cannot be detected at all, make an incredible difference in quality. Thus the perfume of the grape flower depends on such delicate causes, and varies so easily, that not only the choicest soils must be selected, but the most elaborate and truly artistic culture, aided by scientific research, is needed to produce the highest or most exquisite flavor in the grape. In the estate of Charles Heidsieck this elaborate culture may be seen in its perfection, he rightly judging that to insure a good article the greatest possible care must be taken to make it good from the beginning, pure grape juice being the great essential to a good wine. It is, in some respects, unfortunate for the public that champagne requires such extraordinary care in the preparation, after the juice is expressed, since it renders an imitation which simply tastes well not difficult. Cheap Rhine wine, even older, may be "doctored up" to taste very much like good champagne. But the effect on the stomach, the nerves, the general health is vastly different. We have heard too little in this country of the champagne dealers who thus take pains to secure the purity of the wine, not merely from the grape, but from the very cutting and the soil itself. I am happy to say that I have verified, from my own observation, the immense care taken on the Charles Heidsieck estate to get grape juice in perfection.

Next to this comes a thousand details in gathering, in pressing, in clarifying, racking, bottling and keeping, the last alone requiring a degree of care, expense and judgment which few have any idea of who imagine that champagne making is not more troublesome or expensive than the art of manufacturing cider or ginger-pop.

The best way, however, to give the reader a clear idea of what good champagne really is, and what its grades are, will be to set before him a table of all the real champagne wines. How many there are who talk about Bouzy, Ay, Verzenay, Sillery and all the other names emblazoned on labels, without the faintest idea as to what quality of wine they really represent. What follows will make all this clear, it being premised that there are two great divisions of the champagne district, La Montagne de Rheims and La Marne, each having its grades of wines.

CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT.

La Montagne de Rheims.

FIRST CLASS.

To raising these there is devoted a district of about only two thousand three hundred acres.

BOUZY-AMONNAY—Red grapes, with a very few white. This is the finest of all the champagne wines, combining the strength characteristic of the wines De La Montagne, or Mountain, with the bouquet and flavor of those of La Marne. In this small district the family estate and vineyards of Mr. Charles Heidsieck are situated. The Bouzy grapes always command the highest price of all the champagne, and determine the standard market price of its wines.

VERZENAY-SILLERY—Principally red grapes, but with more of the white (which are inferior to the red) than in the Bouzy. A good wine, attains strength and flavor. The prices of the grapes about the same as the Bouzy.

SECOND CLASS.

A district of about four thousand acres.

VERNY, RILLY, CHIGNY, LUDRES, MAILLY—Red and white grapes, white inferior to red. Attain strength in some places, and not inferior to the first quality of champagne in the best vineyards. The family of Charles Heidsieck possess a few acres of the latter. Their vineyard in Ludres is thought to produce wine equal to the finest Verzenay.

THIRD CLASS.

A district of about one thousand three hundred acres.

VILLERS, MARMERY, ALLERAND, TREPAIL—White grapes of inferior quality, and not in great demand, except in years when the vintage is remarkably good. The best of these grapes, all of which possess a peculiar taste, are in Villers, near Verzenay.

UNCLASSED WINES OF LA MONTAGNE.

VILLE DOMMANGE, VIGNY, CHAMANTINES, CLOS DE CHICERY, &c.—These wines belong to the district named La Petite Montagne. Some of them are good, plain wines, but not fit for champagne, with a few rare exceptions. In an extraordinary year they make a good red table wine. Ville Dommange is unquestionably the best of them.

La Marne.

FIRST CLASS.

AY—Red grapes. One of the best and finest wines in Champagne. The grapes grown near Dizy and the little town of Ay are the best; the others grown among the woods of La Montagne de Rheims being inferior to them.

AVIZE and CRAMUZEL—White grapes, with a few red; the best white champagne grapes. The wine made from them is not what may be called "generous," but is still of rich flavor and delicate. They bring a high price, and their wine has a light and brilliant foam.

SECOND CLASS.

MARCUILL, DIZY, CHAMPILLON, AVERAY, VERTUR, HAUTILLON, CAMIERES, EPERNAY, PIERRY—Red grapes. All of these wines are good; some of them, for instance Dizy and Pierry, are very fine.

is more demand for one than another. We give preference to the Dizy, Marcuill, Vertur and Pierry. **CHOUILLY, LE MESNIL, OGER**—White grapes. In some years but little inferior to those of Avize and Cramuzel. The foam is the same in all. Mesnil is a large vineyard producing much wine.

THIRD CLASS.

MOUSSY, VINAY, ST. MARTIN, MONTHOLON—Good wines, in some years very fine. The district named Le Crayons de St. Martin produces a very fine red grape.

GRAUVES—White grapes, fine. The wine is very light and a little inferior to the others of the same color.

UNCLASSED WINES OF LA MARNE.

There are many vineyards from grapes grown in the neighborhood of the above vineyards. Some of them produce a pure wine of peculiar taste, which may be employed for a common sparkling champagne.

From the above table the reader may acquire some knowledge which he may display to advantage at the next dinner party to which he may be invited. In conclusion he may also infer from what I wish to impress firmly on the minds of my readers, that in my travels in Champagne-land, among the simple-hearted Champenois, I have as yet seen no estate in which such extraordinary pains are taken to procure a pure wine as in those of Charles Heidsieck.

Yours, PANURGE.

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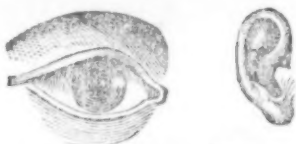
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JAN. 28, 1860.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

143



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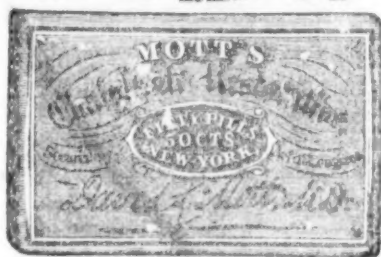
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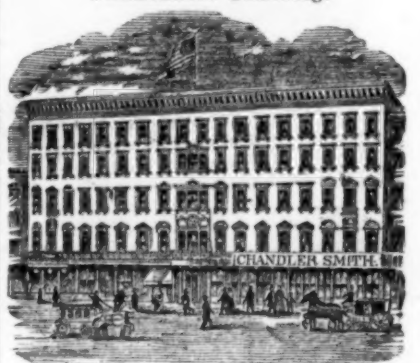
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